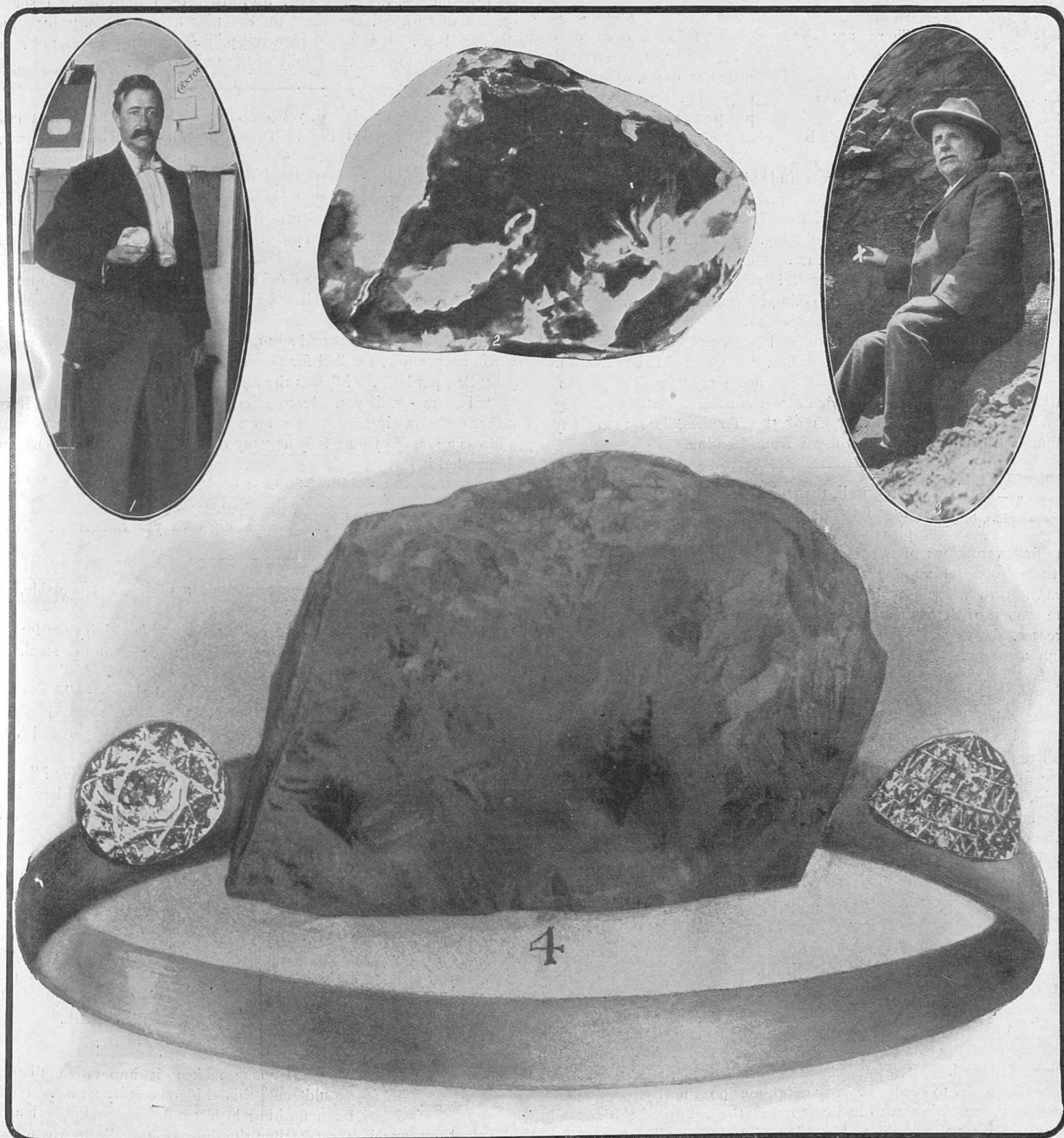


The Sketch

No. 760.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



1. £150,000 IN HAND: A MINE OFFICIAL HOLDING THE CULLINAN DIAMOND.

3. WHERE THE CULLINAN WAS FOUND: MR. FRED WELLS, ITS DISCOVERER, MARKING THE SPOT.

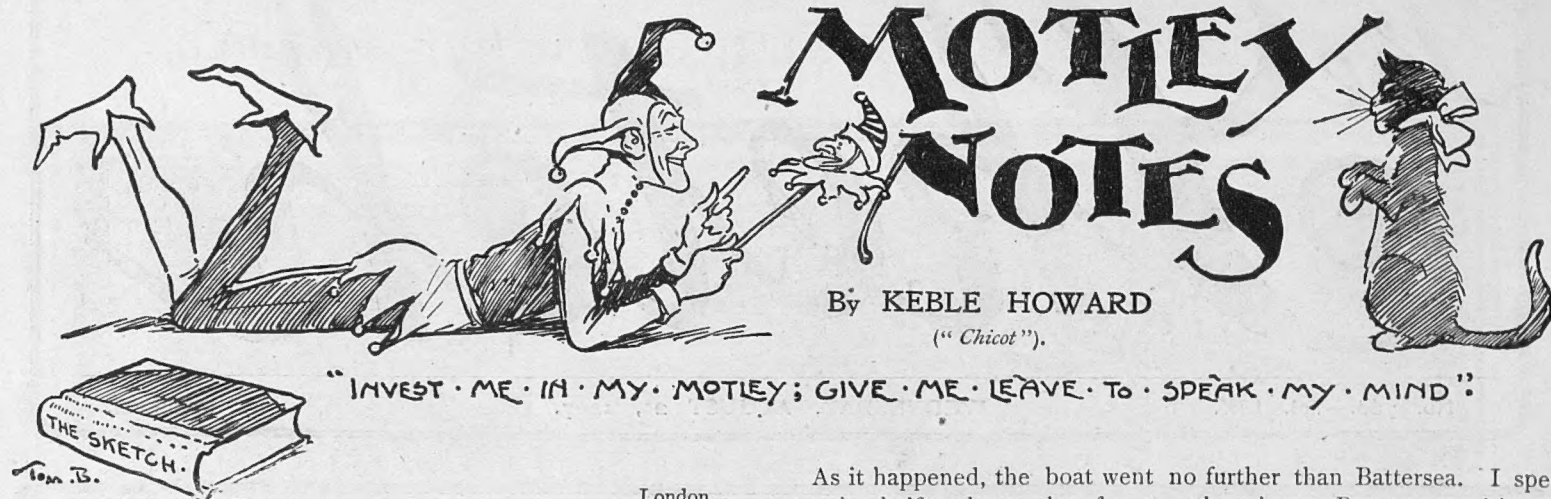
2. THE NEXT LARGEST SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND: THE EXCELSIOR, WEIGHT 970 CARATS.

4. THE CULLINAN DIAMOND (EXACT SIZE) FLANKED ON THE RIGHT BY THE ORLOFF, ON THE LEFT BY THE KOH-I-NOOR (ALSO EXACT SIZE).

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DIAMOND FOR THE KING'S CROWN? THE CULLINAN DIAMOND, WEIGHT 3024 $\frac{3}{4}$ CARATS, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO GIVE TO THE KING.

General Botha proposes that the Transvaal shall purchase the famous Cullinan diamond—the largest diamond in the world—and present it to the King in order that it may be set in the royal crown. The Cullinan, it may be remembered, was found near Pretoria in January 1905. It weighs 3024 3-4 carats, rather over 1 1-3 lb. avoirdupois; and is supposed to be a portion of a much larger stone. Cutting would probably reduce it by about a half, would cost some £10,000, and take two or three years. The Excelsior weighs 970 carats; the Orloff, 194 3-4 carats; and the Koh-i-Noor, 106 1-16 carats.

Photographs 1 and 3 by W. Brunton; 2 by courtesy of Messrs. Streeter and Co.; 4 (of the Cullinan) by Missen.



London.

Hear a Tale.

There are those well-intentioned ones who will tell you that motoring has brought renewed prosperity to the provincial hotels. In particular cases, of course, this is true, but does it apply in fair proportion throughout the length and breadth of the land? I shall not pretend to decide, but will content myself, as you will bear with me a few moments, by telling a little tale.

I had often heard of the place. Indeed, one had but to mention the name of the hostelry in any circle of pleasure-loving male Londoners to draw forth a veritable fusillade of eulogies. "A delicious little haunt!" one would cry. "Nothing to equal it in London!" would come from another. "Or the Continent!" yelled a third. "An inn to keep to yourself!" suggested a fourth. "Such wines!" cried a fifth. "Such cooking!" bawled a sixth. "Such splendid attendance!" piped a seventh. "Such a situation!" vouched an eighth. "Such wonderful old oak!" sighed a ninth and tenth. In short, as you will gather, they seemed to like the inn. Everybody seemed to like the inn. When I say "inn," mind you, this was—and still is, for that matter—the chief hostelry of a large and popular town on the banks of the Thames, less than forty minutes' run by train or motor-car from London.

I Fare Forth.

Very well, then. The day came when I determined to allow myself the rare and exquisite pleasure of dining at this inn. It was one of the first warm days of the present summer. In London, sunblinds, a little dusty and crumpled, but none the worse for that, had been drawn forth from wintry hiding-places. Clean coverings lent to the roofs of hansoms a deceptively cool appearance. Muslin dresses, always very charming, passed to and fro happily before the club windows. And so on. It seemed a pity to me that so deserving a person as myself should be still in town. True, 'twas my own fault in some measure, but the fact remained that I was in town, whilst other people, far less deserving, were having a presumably splendid time on sands, in meadows, 'neath willows, on ships and yachts. "This," I said to myself, "shall be remedied. I will fare forth in search of that famous hostelry. I will take neither train, 'taxi,' or 'bus. I will simply board one of those smooth-swimming County Council steamers, and it shall land me within a mile or two of my destination. I will then wander towards the inn of delights, order a charming little dinner, and a bottle of beautiful wine. After dinner I will sit by the river whilst I smoke a cigar, and I will dream of——" Anyhow, there, roughly, was my little plan.

Check!

The kind gentleman selling steam-boat tickets on behalf of the London County Council saw no objection to the scheme. On the contrary, he encouraged it. He bade me step aboard the first boat that touched at the pier, and it would take me to Putney in a twinkling. I thanked him warmly, left with him a message for his wife and family, and presently stepped aboard. There was a nice seat at the side, near the prow, and I hastened to secure it. My neighbour on the right was a lady of French extraction, who had celebrated the return of the sun by soaking her handkerchief, her gloves, and, for all I know, her umbrella, with strong, inexpensive scent. My neighbour on the left was a small boy, perhaps three years of age, who had contracted a strange, unpleasing habit of lying flat upon his back and kicking out vigorously with his legs. Unfortunately for me, he kicked in my direction. It did occur to me, churl that I am, to protest, but the other passengers seemed so much amused by the antics of the dear little fellow that I felt obliged to bear the pain in silence. We should soon be at Putney, I thought, and then all would be bliss.

As it happened, the boat went no further than Battersea. I spent quite half-an-hour, therefore, on the pier at Battersea, waiting for the next boat. It is a nice pier, but palls. I wished I had not sent that kind message to the family of the ticket-seller.

A Real Conversation.

Jaded, yet still full of hope, I arrived at last at the far-famed hostelry. Pushing my way, with a confident air, into the dining-room, I was met by a waitress of puzzled demeanour. The long, low room was quite empty. Half of it, indeed, was mercifully screened off, but the other half was filled with tables that seemed to lack nothing but diners. Tables for two, tables for four, tables for eight. Square tables, round tables, oblong tables—all deserted. "Good!" I thought to myself. "I am evidently early. They dine late here. So much the better! I shall have everything hot, and this good creature will be able to bestow upon me that zealous attention merited by so hazardous and so protracted a journey!" Whereupon, if you must know, I called for the menu.

"Beg pardon, Sir?" was the answer.

"The menu, if you please—the bill-of-fare, my dear." (It is rather embarrassing, of course, for a naturally modest young man to address a strange young lady as "my dear," but I knew that custom demanded it.)

"There isn't any bill-of-fare. I could get you a nice——"

"No bill-of-fare?" I cried. "No table d'hôte?"

The waitress laughed. "Go along with yer nonsense! This ain't the Strand!"

That Hideous Laugh.

"But you announce a table d'hôte outside," I protested.

"That's very likely. There ain't one, for all that. No call for such a thing. Which is it to be—chop or steak?"

And I had waited half-an-hour on Battersea Pier!

"I'll begin with a grilled sole, please, and then——"

"We ain't got no fish in the 'ouse, and all the shops is shut. Come to think of it, we ain't got no chops. Dessay you could 'ave a bit o' steak."

"Very well." (Very meekly.) "May I see the wine list?"

The wine list was a wonderful affair. I should like to have had it photographed. All the right brands and the right vintages were there, it is true, but somebody had ruled them through with slashes of red ink. In their place, clumsily pencilled, one found the strangest names, and nothing less than sixteen shillings a bottle.

I began to lose my temper. "This is outrageous!" I told the waitress.

Again she laughed—a cynical, mirthless laugh that echoed among the empty tables, and sent a cold chill down one's spine.

"If you want to know," she said, "we're broke. We've got the chuck. The last bit o' money there was the foreign waiter pinched. Good job, I reckon. . . . Well, I'll order that bit o' steak."

The End of My Dinner.

Lack of space makes it imperative that I should cut this hideous story short. Well, I am nothing loth to do so. Hardly had I attacked my sauceless steak than the door of the dining-room was flung open with a thud. In the doorway stood a rough, beery individual, who announced that he had come to fetch away the settee in the corner, and had the hardihood to request the waitress to "lend a hand." The hand was refused with noisy indignation, whereupon the messenger endeavoured to remove the settee himself. It was really too heavy for one man to manage. He raised it from the floor, none the less, and staggered pluckily towards the exit. Then he caught a castor in a hole in my tablecloth. . . .

MARIE BLANCHE, THE LITTLE MICHU, MARRIED.



THE HON. MRS. JOHN YARDE-BULLER (MISS DENISE ORME), WHO MARRIED LORD CHURSTON'S SON AND HEIR LAST APRIL.

Miss Denise Orme, who leaped into popularity with her rendering of Marie Blanche in "The Little Michus," and is now appearing at the Palace, married the Hon. John Yarde-Buller on April 24th last. Captain Yarde-Buller, is the eldest son of Lord Churston, and is in the Scots Guards. He was born in 1873.

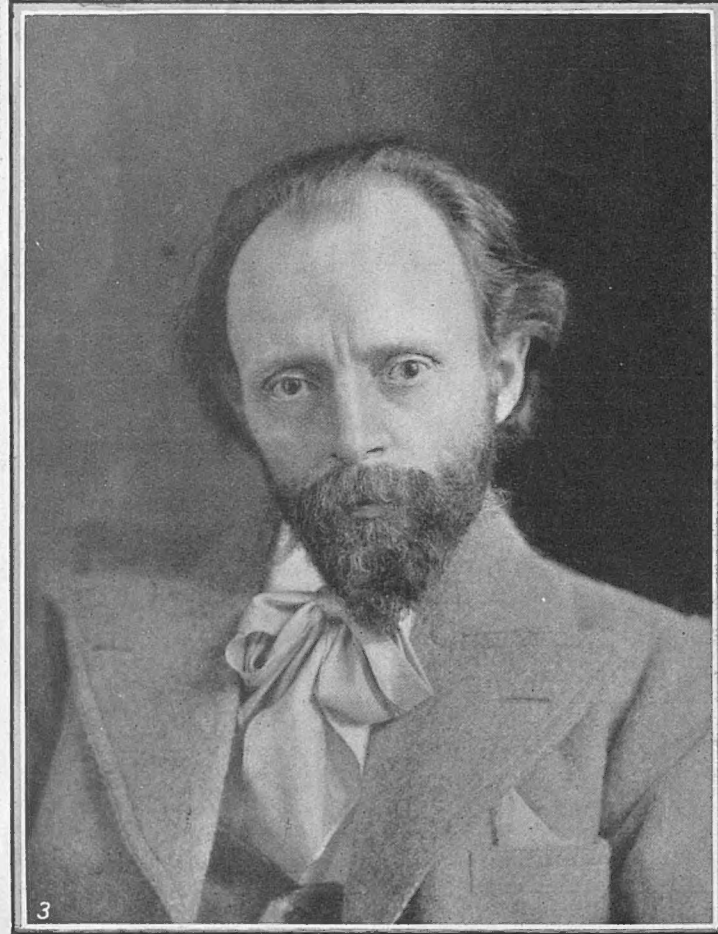
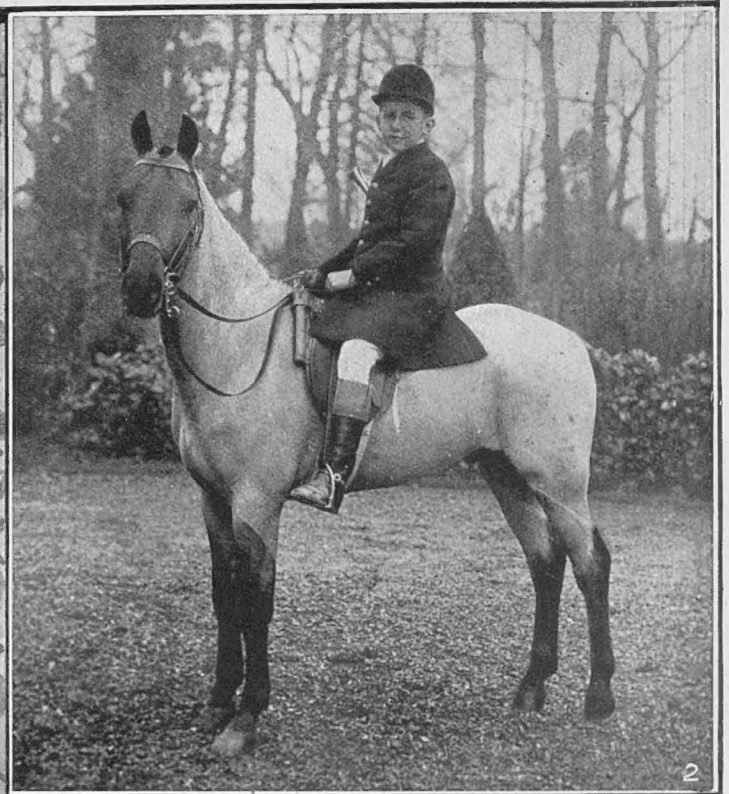
MISS ORME IS SINGING A CURIOUSLY APPROPRIATE SONG JUST NOW, TO MUSIC BY HERSELF. THE WORDS ARE:—

I wonder is it cruel if I answer "no,"
Because I shouldn't like to give him pain,
Then, if I answer "yes," I make quite sure and so
He will not have to ask again.
But he might grow conceited if I do not

Make him wait, whichever shall it be?
I think I'll ask my heart, for it knows best,
It's beating out the letters, one, two, three.
One little word,
Has it occurred

To you, to you?
I'm thinking of only one word,
Thinking of one little word,
No one but you can possibly guess,
All that it means to me that little word, "yes."

"A MONTH'S HARD" FOR FURIOUS MOTOR-DRIVING;
AND OTHER TOPICS OF THE WEEK.



1. SENTENCED TO A MONTH'S HARD LABOUR FOR FURIOUS DRIVING:
MR. D. M. WEIGEL.

An extraordinary sentence was given at Hayward's Heath on Friday last, when Mr. Daniel Michael Weigel was ordered a month's imprisonment with hard labour for driving his motor-car at the rate of 56 miles an hour. It need not be said that an appeal was at once lodged.

3. "THE MONARCH OF MAN" ON "THE WOMAN OF THE UNDER WORLD":
MR. HALL CAINE.

Mr. Hall Caine has entirely re-written "The Christian," which is to be revived at the Lyceum on the 31st. The play now has as its chief appeal the question of the regeneration of the fallen woman. Speaking through the mouth of one of his characters, the famous novelist suggests the building of a Home of Refuge, at the head of which he would have "A young man with the heart of a lion and the soul of a god . . . a nobleman if possible."

2. MASTER OF HOUNDS AT EIGHT YEARS OLD: THE LATE
MASTER BOB PODMORE.

Master Podmore, who died suddenly at Charlton House, Cheltenham, last week, was the youngest Master of Foxhounds, and thus held a unique position. He succeeded his father as master of his own hounds when he was eight, and was a hardened and seasoned sportsman.

4. A PRINCESS WHO HAS BECOME A DUCHESS:
THE DUCHESS OF PLESS.

By the death of the Duke of Pless, Prince Henry of Pless, husband of the former Miss Cornwallis-West, succeeded to the title and some £4,000,000. The Pless family were ennobled in the middle seventeenth century. The new Duchess claims descent from Henry the Third. The Pless estates are in Silesia, and include magnificent forests teeming with game, and superb gardens.

A BAD SEASON FOR THE MOORS.



THE FIRST SPORTSMAN: I see they started shooting on the Moors before the Twelfth this season.

THE SECOND SPORTSMAN: Eh! Who? Where?

THE FIRST SPORTSMAN: Why, the French at Casa Blanca.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9,
FRANK CURZON Presents WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD. At 8.15,
THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE. MAT. every WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8, FRANK CURZON'S New Musical
Production, MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
Every Evening at 8 (Doors open 7.40), a new Musical Play, Entitled THE GIRLS OF
GOTTENBERG. Box-Office open from 10 till 10.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
MIRTH, MYSTERY, AND SENSATION.
AQUATIC, STAGE AND EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE.

EMPIRE, Leicester Sq.—New Ballet, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.
Mlle. Genée, Première Danseuse, Reinsch's performing Horses and Dogs, "Man the
Brute," &c. EVERY EVENING at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

BALKAN STATES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. 1s.
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WORKING TOBACCO, CARPET, AND OTHER EXHIBITS.
PEASANT DANCERS AND GIPSY MUSICIANS FREE.
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GRAND MILITARY AND PROMENADE CONCERTS.
OLD JAPAN IN THE EMPRESS HALL.
"All around is a wealth of bloom."—*Times*. "Illusion complete from the doors."—*Daily
Telegraph*. "A spectacle the most beautiful ever produced."—*Morning Post*. "Realistic
and gorgeous conception."—*Standard*.
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JAPANESE THEATRE FREE.
AVERNUS WHEEL. MOTORING IN MID-AIR.
Maxim's Flying Machine - Balkan Stalactite Caves—Pygmies from Ituri.

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desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same
at the London Opinion Curio Club, 107, Regent Street, London, W. All those interested in
Antiques and Curios are invited to call or write to the Secretary, 107, Regent Street, for
prospectus and terms of membership.

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Splendid Roads. Garage for 60 Cars. Telegrams "Regent." Telephone 109 Leamington.

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class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

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Celebrated Viennese Band Performs Daily. Land and Marine Excursions. Golf Links
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Send stamps 1½d. to Town Clerk for Illustrated Guide.

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FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. LONDON, W.
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THE ROYAL ROUTE.
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Official Guide. 6d.

Tourist Programme post free from DAVID MACBRAYNE, Ltd., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SUNNY SOUTH.

BRIGHTON	WORTHING	First Class Return Tickets to Brighton from Victoria. Sundays, 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.; 1st Class 10s., Pullman 12s., Week-days at 10.5 a.m.; Pullman 12s. Similar Tickets to Worthing.
SEAFORD	LITTLEHAMPTON	"SUNNY SOUTH SPECIAL." Week-days via L.N.W.R. leaves Liverpool 11 a.m., Man- chester 11.20 a.m., Birmingham 1 p.m., Leamington 1.12 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 3.35 p.m., due at Brighton 5.5 p.m., Eastbourne 6 p.m.
EASTBOURNE	BOGNOR	
BEXHILL	HAYLING ISLAND	
ST. LEONARDS	PORTSMOUTH	
HASTINGS	SOUTHSEA	

CHEAP EXCURSIONS for the day, week-end, and 8 or 15 days to all these South
Coast resorts.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE	VENTNOR	Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered throughout.
COWES	FRESHWATER	The Trains run alongside the Steamers at Portsmouth and Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
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Details of Superintendent of the Line, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIEPPE	TROUVILLE	Direct and Circular Tickets issued via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, comprising all places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.
FECAMP	CAEN	Week-End Tickets to Dieppe.
ÉTRETAT	BAYEUX	
CABOURG	ST. VALERY-EN- HAYRE	
TREPORT-MERS	CAUX	

Details of Continental Manager, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

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Second Class, Single, 25s. 9d.; Return, 38s. 6d.
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

AUGUST 24.

SQUEEZING THE JEW IN A MOROCCO PRISON

MAKING A FREIGHT CAR IN 25 MINUTES.

MEETING OF THE KING AND KAISER

THE FUTURE OF THE AIRSHIP IN WARFARE

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND W.C.

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HEINEMANN.	RUTLEDGE.
Mrs. Jones's Bonnet. Gerard Bendall. 4s.	The Comic History of England. Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett. 7s. 6d.
The Story of Anna Beames. G. A. Dawson Scott. 6s.	ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.
METHUEN.	Bachelor Betty. Winifred James. 6s.
Ferriby. Mrs. Vere Campbell. 6s.	Nicolette. Evelyn Sharp. 6s.
The Spirit of the Links. Henry Leach. 6s.	BROWN, LANGHAM.
The Great Skene Mystery. Bernard Capes. 6s.	Pranks in Provence. L. and A. Edited by Percy Wadham, A.R.E. 5s.
The Skirts of the Great City. Mrs. A. G. Bell. 6s.	HUTCHINSON.
The Botor Chaperon. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s.	The Marriage Lease. Frankfort Moore. 6s.
The Bay of Lilacs. Paul Waineman. 6s.	T. SEALEY CLARK.
The Magic Plumes. Mrs. Stuart Erskine. 6s.	Life's Understudies. Ina Rozant. 6s. net.
Through East Anglia in a Motor-Car. J. E. Vincent. 6s.	T. FISHER UNWIN.
HENRY J. DRANE.	In the First Watch. James Dalziel. 6s.
Froude: A Study of His Life and Charac- ter. Marshall Kelly. 3s. 6d.	By Veldt and Koppe. W. C. Scully. 6s.
Vixen's Race. William McMurray. 1s.	JOHN LANE.
Sweet Mountain Maid. F. V. Pratt. 3s. 6d.	Cordova. F. Calvert and Walter M. Gallichan. 3s. 6d. net.
JARROLD AND SONS.	EVELEIGH NASH.
The Autobiography of a Military Great Coat. Harold Josing. 6s. net.	Reginald Auberon. Horace Wyndham. 6s.
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My Devonshire Book. J. Henry Harris. 3s. 6d. net.	Vaith of the Islands. Beatrice Grimshaw. 6s.
WARD, LOCK.	GRANT RICHARDS.
Doctor Burton. Archibald Clavering Gunter. 6s.	Her Brother's Letters. Anonymous. 3s. 6d. net.
The Gentleman Tramp. Gilbert Wintle. 6s.	Gotty and the Guv'nor. Arthur E. Cop- ping. 6s.
FOULIS.	Submarine Warfare. Herbert C. Fyle. 7s. 6d. net.
The Golf Craze. Cleeke Shotte, of Bunker Hill. 2s. net.	JOHN LONG.
GRIFFIN	The Secret Syndicate. Fred Whishaw. 6s.
Whispers from the Fleet. Captain Christopher Cradock, C.B.	KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER.
	The Career of John Bull. 3s. 6d. net.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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The Hand That is Still.

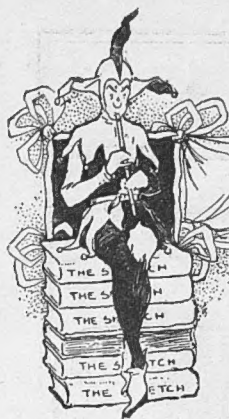


THE GREATEST VIOLINIST OF HIS DAY: THE LATE DR. JOSEPH JOACHIM.

BORN AT KITTSEE, IN TRANSLEITHANIA, JUNE 28, 1831; DIED AT BERLIN, AUGUST 15, 1907.

Joseph Joachim began to play the violin when he was five, using an instrument that he himself described as "a common little thing, given as a plaything." In 1841 he went to Vienna, there to study under Miska Hauser, the elder Hellmesberger, and Joseph Boehm. Two years afterwards he came under the guidance of Mendelssohn, and a year later still made his first appearance in London. At the age of eighteen he was leader of a Grand Ducal band at Weimar, his patron being Liszt. In 1882 he led the King of Hanover's Court orchestra. For the last forty years of his life his home was Berlin, where he was director and conductor of the Royal Academy of Music.

(See "Key Notes.")



THE CLUBMAN

PRIVATE CABINS—THE OSTEND BOATS—PASSENGERS—THE CARLSBAD EXPRESS—AN EXPERT BEER-DRINKER.

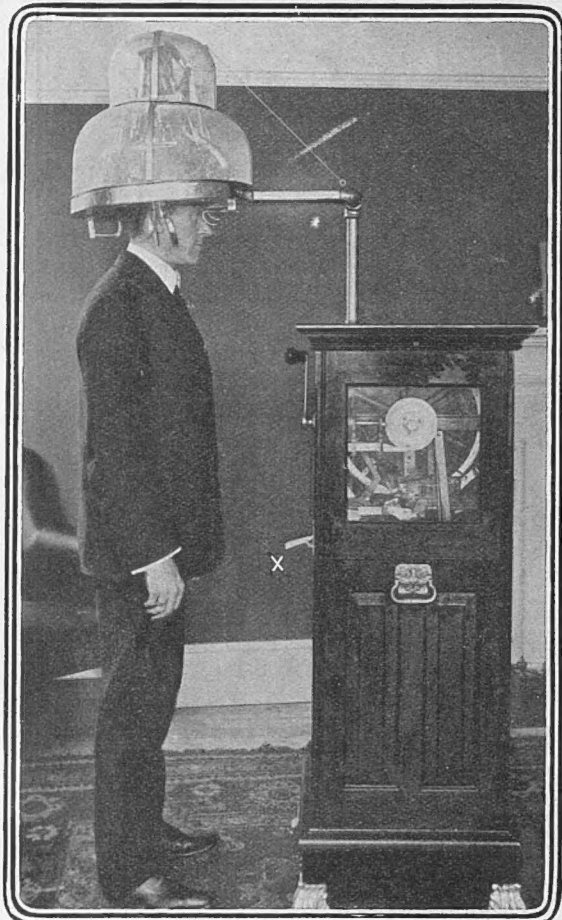
ONE of the minor puzzles of travel is on what data the sums charged for the use of private cabins are calculated. I suppose that any sea that is likely to be rough justifies a high fee for the use of a

private room. I pay, and pay cheerfully, a sovereign for the use of a cabin on the Calais or Boulogne steamers, but when I went over to Ostend recently only fourteen francs were demanded of me for the journey of three hours or so. I do not grumble, but I am a little curious as to the why and wherefore of these things. On the day I crossed to Belgium there was every indication that we were to have a stormy passage: the smoke from all the steamers was blown straight like a streamer, and the sea had that soap-suddy look which means jumps and rolls; but for once in a way the weather was not as bad

as the amusing mixture of people. A touring club, either French or Belgian, men, women, and children were returning. They were all in the best of spirits, and wore badges on caps or dresses, while most of them had British flags, which they waved. A school of German boys had evidently been over to England *en masse*, and they, too, were in high spirits; but the group which amused me most were a little band of Englishmen—bank-clerks I mentally put them down to be—who were going for a walking-tour, with, I fancy, a little mountaineering included. They all had bag-knapsacks, and as the boat approached Ostend they put them on. The old hands gave a couple of shrugs, fastened the hooks without any difficulty, and the bag got into proper place at once. With the tyros the straps twisted, they did not know exactly where to feel for the hooks, and the bags sat either too high or too low on their backs.

There is always an irritating wait of two hours or more at Ostend for people going on to Carlsbad, and the porters, as a matter of course, take the hand-baggage into the refreshment-room, where one probably does not want to go. I asked an official why we were left all this time kicking our heels on the platform of a most uninteresting station, and he explained to me that, after allowing a reasonable time for the detention of the boat in bad weather, four expresses were started at intervals of twenty minutes. He sympathised with the passengers for Carlsbad who had to go in the last of these trains, but the delay was unavoidable.

In our train, which carried passengers for Vienna and the near East, as well as those who were going to the Bohemian watering-places, were some very smart ladies going to Marienbad to drink the waters and to be in the atmosphere of a Court; some quiet British officials and officers going out to responsible and dangerous work; two honeymoon couples, and a German family, the head of which drank more beer than I have ever seen any man consume before in a train. He sat in the narrow corridor, entirely blocking it, and from one or other of the two compartments



WORSE THAN THE HANDS THROUGH THE WALL? THE MACHINE THAT READS YOUR BUMPS, PRINTS YOUR "CHARACTER," AND DELIVERS IT TO YOU THROUGH A SLOT (X).

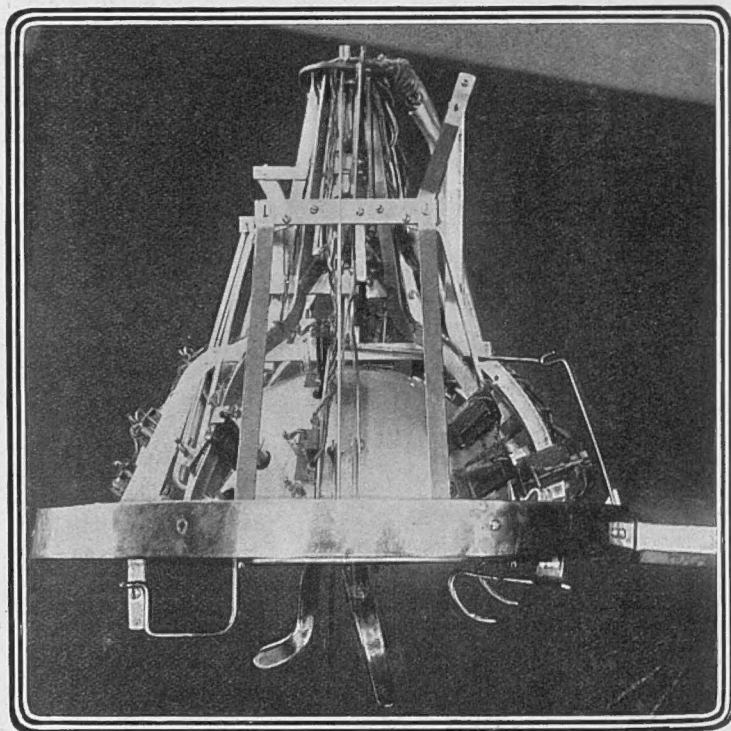
Our Illustration shows the Lavery Phrenometer for telling the character by the head, in use. If this should come into favour those hands that come in eerie fashion from a small opening in the wall and feel the cranium, while a voice from a hidden oracle proclaims one's virtues or vices, will be things of the past. Whether the subject will feel any less uncomfortable when the apparatus shown is on his head is doubtful. The patient remains in its hold for about thirty seconds. In that time the machine has come to a decision about his "character," and has printed it on a slip of paper.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

as it looked, and directly we were round the Foreland the sea gradually sank into calm.

The new Belgian turbine boats, one of which I was on, are fine vessels in calm weather—whether they roll in a heavy sea I do not know. They have a wide promenade deck under shelter, and the dining-saloon has large round portholes, which are kept open in any ordinary weather, and is sufficiently high in the ship to be airy. In most steamers on narrow seas the dining-saloon is very near the bottom of the ship, and is stuffy. The smell of a saloon in which food is served and to which fresh air penetrates with difficulty has its own particular nastiness, and is responsible for a good deal of sea-sickness. The lunch we were given on board was all that anybody could require, and reasonably cheap; but it did not compare favourably with the meals that I used to get a few years ago on the old boats, which were exceptionally good. I fancy there has been some change in the catering.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway now gives special facilities to those who wish to go to Ostend for a week-end, and many of those on our boat were undoubtedly week-enders, for the Cockney accent was much in evidence. But we had quite an



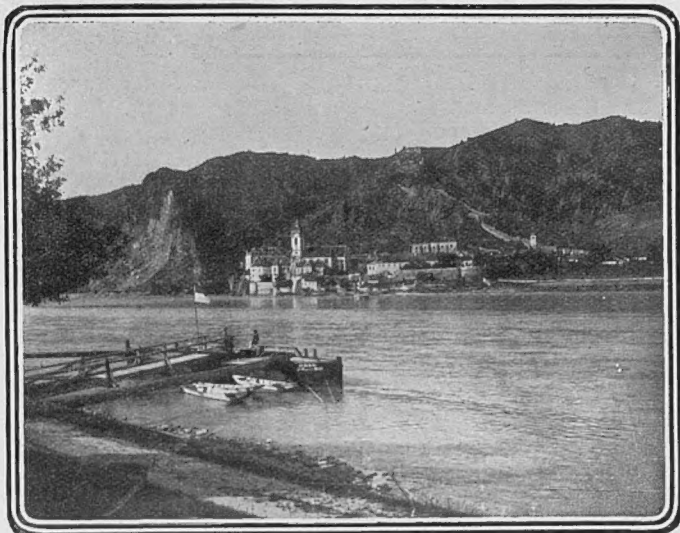
A HELMET THAT READS BUMPS: THE HEAD-PIECE OF THE MECHANICAL PHRENOLOGIST.

At first glance the head-piece suggests some fearsome instrument of the Inquisition, or a new device for electrocuting. Second thought sees in it the hatter's measuring-shape. Inside the cap are some five-and-twenty blunt points, which rest against the skull, and show the height of the various bumps. The measurements are duly registered.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

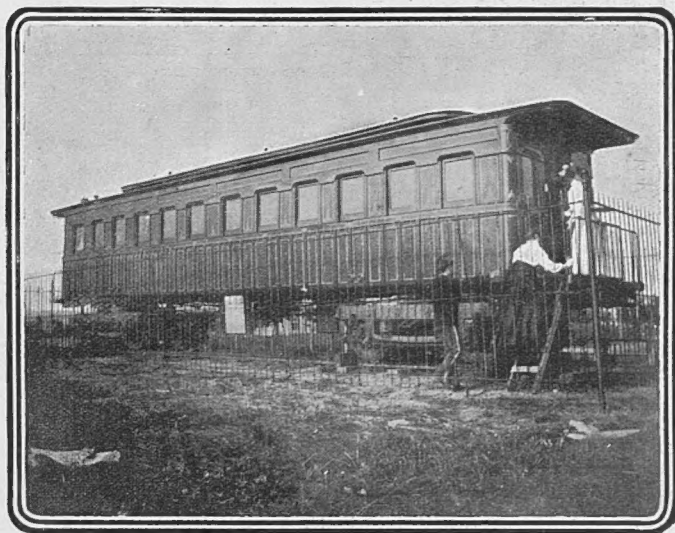
his family occupied, a glass of beer was handed out to him every quarter of an hour or so. When we stopped for a few moments at a station he went into the restaurant to see if the beer there tasted better than his supply in the train.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



A VILLAGE THAT HAS BEEN DECORATED BY THE KAISER:
DÜRRENSTEIN, WHICH HAS THE GENERAL HONORARY ORDER.

Dürrenstein, like the Pomeranian village of Lunow, was recently decorated by the Kaiser with the General Honorary Order. This is the second time the place has been honoured, for it was decorated for pronounced patriotism during the Napoleonic wars.



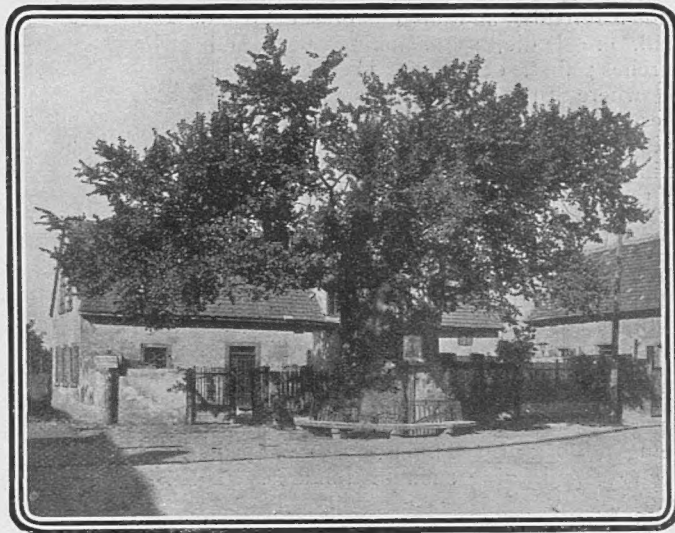
STATE-CARRIAGE AND HEARSE: ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SPECIAL
RAILWAY-CAR, WHICH IS ON EXHIBITION.

The car, which recently found a new purchaser, was much used by Lincoln, and, curiously enough, formed the hearse in which his body was carried after his assassination by John Wilkes Booth.



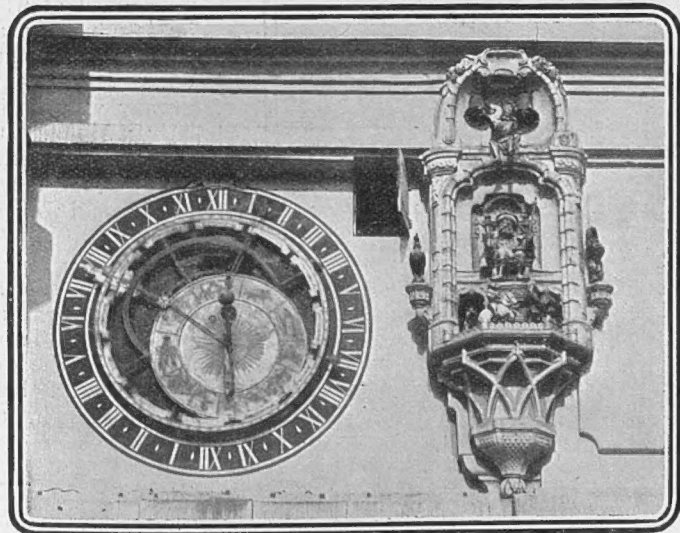
A PORTUGUESE CHURCH THAT HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A THEATRE:
THE CHURCH OF CARTUXA, AT EVORA.

The well-known church and convent buildings, of which we give an illustration, were recently transformed into a theatre. A like fate happened some little while ago to the church of St. John of Alporao, at Santarem.



THE MOST POPULAR TREE IN THE WORLD: THE LUTHER-BAUM
AT WORMS.

In 1521, Martin Luther was wont to sit under this tree and read, and it is now (with the cathedral) the principal sight of Worms. It is visited annually by many thousands of tourists.



AN HISTORIC CLOCK AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE WISHED TO
PURCHASE.

A Chicago millionaire recently tried very hard to purchase the famous clock in the Zeitglockenturm at Berne; but his every offer was refused. The clock announces the hours by the crowing of a cock, and two minutes before each hour a number of bears walk round the sitting figure. Some of these bears can be seen in the photograph. The Swiss papers, naturally enough, were exceedingly indignant at the idea of the clock going to America, and their remarks were not altogether kind.



WHERE MURDERS ARE AVENGED BY MARRIAGE:
A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT.

In an annual report on Egypt, Lord Cromer told of the strange customs of the Bedouins of the Sinai Peninsula. If a man kills another in time of peace the relatives of the murdered man have the right to revenge or pardon against the receipt of "blood-money." This is fixed at forty-one camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer the latter, or his near relatives, must give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without obtaining the usual dowry.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

ON SMOKING IN THEATRES—"FRENCH AS HE IS SPOKE."



It appears that the Theatrical Managers' Association is seriously considering the question of trying to get the Lord Chamberlain to permit smoking in the auditorium of theatres in order to aid the drama in its struggle against the variety entertainments. Before going very far into the matter the managers must consider carefully whether they would gain by being able to permit smoking. I think some would gain and others lose proportionately. At first sight the theatres may seem to be in the same boat in this matter, but this really is not the case. The managers who deal in musical comedy—much of which is variety entertainment in disguise—have little to lose and much that might be gained by the innovation. On the other hand, those who present works of "sustained" interest (it is difficult to avoid the ugly word "sustained") would find their efforts seriously impeded.

Even in my lifetime, of which I may reasonably hope that little more than a half has gone by, the habit of smoking has made prodigious inroads, and at its present pace we shall, ere I die, see smoking permitted in churches; first, of course, in the United States, where the efforts of some of the churches to compete with other "places of entertainment" have already reached very undignified results. Now, what about smoking in the theatre, which involves the striking of matches, groping for cigar and cigarette cases, and, presumably, in some parts of the house, for pipes and pouches? How is this to be permitted during the performance of a real play without ill effect? Sometimes it is permissible to darken the auditorium during a scene, or even an act; what about the glow of cigars, cigarettes, and pipes in the darkness? Again, one might permit smoking during one play, and forbid it when another was being performed. Think of the confusion and trouble that would come of drawing such distinctions. I am confident that if smoking were permitted indiscriminately, it would injuriously affect the fate of serious plays.

There is another side to the question. It is believed that many people go to a music-hall instead of a theatre because they may smoke in the one and not in the other. This does not apply directly to the ladies, but indirectly, as in some cases the choice is made by the men who take them. It is also believed that some who do not go to the halls because the variety entertainments are unattractive to them stay away from the theatre in order to smoke in peace at home. Probably these beliefs are to some extent well based. It is on the assumption that a great many people keep from the theatre on account of their desire to smoke, that the innovation is contemplated. Evidence is unprocurable as to the number of people affected in this manner; there may be many,

or only a few. We can make nothing but a mere guess as to numbers or proportion. Against this large or small number there is a set-off. I never go to a music hall without getting a headache caused by the smoke, yet I am a constant, hardened smoker.

I know others to whom the smoke in the variety houses causes a headache. In their case and mine the headache is bad enough to act as a deterrent, except when there is some extraordinary attraction. They have to be satisfied that the entertainment will be worth not only the expense and trouble involved, but a bad headache into the bargain. The result is that when all other elements are equal they go to the theatre instead of the hall because they dislike the atmosphere of the latter. It is a mere matter of guessing whether the people who prefer the theatre because smoking is forbidden are more or less numerous than those who prefer the hall because smoking is allowed.



TO PLAY IN "FIANDER'S WIDOW";
MISS ELFRIDA CLEMENT.

"Fiander's Widow" is due for production at the Garrick on the 28th of this month. It is by Mr. Sydney Valentine and Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis).

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffman.

Mr. Cyril Maude is working hard. Not content with keeping "The Earl of Pawtucket" going through the "off" season by his own exertions (aided substantially by Miss Alexandra Carlisle) he has added to his labours the part of the interpreter who interprets nothing in Tristan Bernard's farce, "L'Anglais tel qu'on le Parle." "French as He is Spoke" is the title of the English adaptation, made by Mr. Gaston Mayer; but the title is deceptive. It is not a case, as might be expected, of a "derangement of epitaphs." Mr. Maude does not, as an Englishman, speak comic French, and before an English audience the effort to do so would perhaps fail to produce its full effect; nor does he pretend to be a Frenchman and speak comic English, a feat which by this time has lost the first bloom of originality. He is simply a cross between a tramp and Captain Barley, who, being entirely British, takes on the job of interpreter in a London hotel, and devises a story of a robbery to explain the indignation of a Frenchman who is in pursuit of an eloping daughter. It is not a part which causes him any trouble; half the effect is got by costume and facial expression, and the rest by the inimitable drawl of which he is a master, and the result is entertaining, though not in any way particularly striking. It is a very characteristic little exhibition of his art, and will probably prove popular. Of the other members of the cast Mr. D. J. McCarthy and Miss Madge Titheradge have the difficult task of being really French, and both manage it very creditably, so far as a mere Englishman can judge. Mr. Augustus Thomas's farce, which is the chief event of the evening, is still



LEGITIMATE STARS ON THE "ILLEGITIMATE" STAGE: MISS LOUIE POUNDS AND MR. COURTICE POUNDS IN MR. KEBLE HOWARD'S SKETCH, "CHARLES, HIS FRIEND," AT THE PALACE.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

going very strong, both by reason of its own ingenuity and Mr. Maude's amusing performance as the Earl, though there is still a feeling that the humours of the piece are not sufficiently varied to sustain it to the end.

RAISULI II. INTERVIEWED BY A LADY:

VALIENTE, THE FAMOUS MOORISH BRIGAND, MEETS MADAME DU GAST.



1. VALIENTE STANDS FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH, WITH MADAME DU GAST, AND IS PERSUADED TO LOOK PLEASANT.

2. VALIENTE EMERGES SUDDENLY FROM HIDING, IN TRUE BRIGAND FASHION, AND GREETES MADAME DU GAST.

3. MADAME DU GAST AND HER BRIGAND HOST ON THEIR WAY TO LUNCH.

4. PICNICKING WITH RAISULI II.; MADAME DU GAST LUNCHING WITH VALIENTE.

SMALL TALK



TO MARRY A PRINCE? Mlle. LARSEN, THE WELL-KNOWN CONCERT-SINGER.

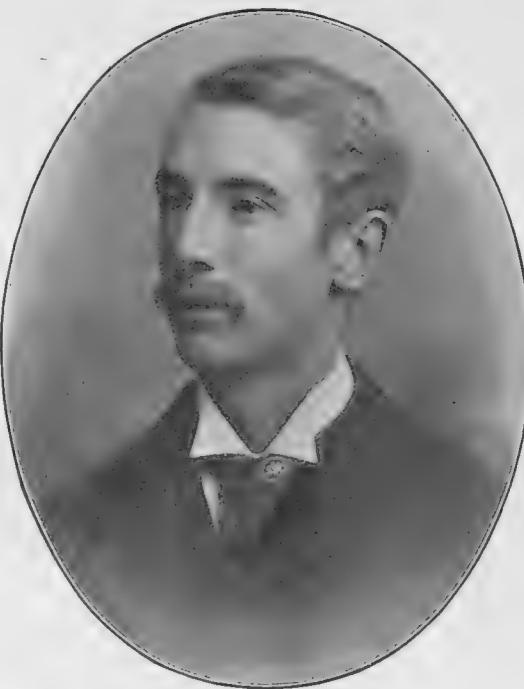
Mlle. Larsen, who, it is said, is engaged to Prince Eugene of Sweden, is a very talented and popular concert-singer. The Prince is reported to have fallen in love with her at first sight some years ago.

advanced Irish party, and he has been under police protection more than once. His principal estate is Woodlawn, Co. Down, but when the explosion occurred he and his head keeper were alone at Glenahiry Lodge preparing for a series of sporting guests, for the young Peer has all your true Irishman's delight in outdoor life, and is a first-rate shot.

The Scientific (Diet) Table.

Food fads are enjoying a very marked revival, and it is being suggested that each really good hotel should offer its inmates a menu drawn up on scientific lines. Unfortunately the great food experts disagree, and that not only where doctors congregate, but among the powerful fruitarian and vegetarian fanatics of Mayfair. It must surely have been a French disciple of the latter who was the heroine of a funny story whispered in Marienbad last year. This lady, seeing our Sovereign partaking of some of the delicious wild strawberries for which Bohemian forests are justly famed, exclaimed anxiously, "The savage strawberry your Majesty must not touch when making the curse of Marienbad!"

LORD ASHTOWN, the hero of the latest gunpowder plot, has deserved better of his native country than to have his charming home, and incidentally himself, made the object of a mysterious outrage. Unlike so many great Irish landlords, he is no absentee. He married an Irish lady, and he delights in entertaining troops of sporting friends at Glenahiry Lodge, his delightful and substantial shooting-box near Clonmell. Lord Ashtown, who is a cousin of the Earl of Clancarty, has always shown himself specially active in his opposition to the advanced Irish party, and he has been under police protection more than once. His principal estate is Woodlawn, Co. Down, but when the explosion occurred he and his head keeper were alone at Glenahiry Lodge preparing for a series of sporting guests, for the young Peer has all your true Irishman's delight in outdoor life, and is a first-rate shot.



VICTIM OF THE IRISH GUNPOWDER PLOT: LORD ASHTOWN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

"Smart Candidates."

Our own and only Shaw has been bemoaning the snobbishness of the working classes; it is, perhaps, to this innately human, and, it may be whispered, British quality that the "smart candidate" owes his success at certain bye-elections. Lord Duncannon and the Hon. Walter Guinness, who are the latest aspirants to Parliamentary honours, would both, in their different ways, prove brilliant additions to that section composed of politicians who have a

care as to their personal appearance and the cut of their clothes. Lord Duncannon is what may be called a "stickit barrister," and though he does not practise at the Bar he has a good deal of legal knowledge. Mr. Guinness is fortunate in the constituency he is now about to woo, for it was the only one in Suffolk which remained faithful to the Conservative cause at the last General Election.

TO MARRY A CONCERT-SINGER? PRINCE EUGENE OF SWEDEN.

It was generally stated that the Prince, known familiarly as "Sweden's Painter-Prince," was desirous of marrying a lady connected with the theatrical profession. No name was mentioned, however, until recently.

Little Adams and Eves.

The idea of co-education—that of educating boys and girls together in the same school—is sufficiently startling to the average British parent; but what are we to say to the notion of an American professor, a notion, too, that actually appears to have "caught on," that little children—that is, till they are about ten years old—should be brought up to wear just nothing at all! A miniature Garden of Eden has been organised near Chicago, and during the recent heat-wave many must have envied these small Adams and Eves their liberation from the hot garments imposed by civilisation. In the winter the children are to wear one thick woollen suit, much on the lines of the quaint habiliment invented by that Puckish novelist, Mr. Edgar Jepson.



HORSE-GOGGLES: A LADY COMPETITOR IN A DRIVING COMPETITION IN MOTOR-GOGGLES.

Quite a number of the ladies who competed in the driving competition at the Sussex County Agricultural show at Hastings wore motor-goggles.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



CLERGYMEN IN UNCLERICAL KIT: TWO FAMOUS SPORTING PARSONS—THE REV. E. RANDOLPH HAYNE AND THE REV. BOPHAM HAYNE.

The brothers Hayne are well-known sportsmen and are ardent followers of the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

ADAM AND EVE ON A FAMILY TREE :

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAMILY TREE, SHOWING HER DESCENT FROM ADAM AND EVE.



1. THE FAMILY TREE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, TRACING HER DESCENT FROM ADAM AND EVE; THE BEGINNING OF THE SCROLL, SHOWING THE NAMES ADAM AND EVA.

2. ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST PART OF THE SCROLL.

3. THE 40-FOOT SCROLL ON WHICH IS DRAWN THE FAMILY TREE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Those families who merely "came over with the Conqueror" may blush for shame before such a document as this, although it is obvious that everybody's family tree might begin in the same way, however great the variations afterwards. The names Adam and Eva may be distinctly seen in the first of our illustrations. Queen Elizabeth's "tree" is on vellum, and is one of the curiosities of Hatfield House.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Hamilton.



THE EX-MASTER OF THE HORSE:
LORD SEFTON, WHO HAS RESIGNED.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

persons of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; and The Mackintosh will show the Prince of Wales excellent sport at Moy Hall. The Princess of Wales is going to Scotland with her children, and no doubt the Duchess of Albany will be the only member of the highest caste staying on in the neighbourhood of London. At Claremont her Royal Highness has as her guest her only daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck, for the kindly and popular Duchess is expecting a new grandchild within the next few weeks.

Lord Sefton, ex-Master of the Horse, has just taken the curious step of resigning the high office of Master of the Horse "owing to his not being in accord with the extreme measures of the Government," has had a curious and romantic life. He is six-and-thirty, and as a boy and young man had little chance of succeeding to the family honours, for his elder brother was exceptionally strong and healthy. Then the latter—at the time Lord Molyneux—met with a terrible riding accident, and after lingering on a few years died in the first year of the new century. Lord Sefton is a man of many accomplishments; he is a keen sportsman, and has all your North Countryman's eye for a horse, while his particular hobby has always been the old-world sport of falconry.



THE ONLY DOUBLE SET OF ROYAL TWINS:
PRINCES RICHARD AND CHRISTOPHER,
The younger twin sons of Princess Frederick Charles
of Hesse, born at Frankfort, May 14, 1901.

Photograph by Voigt.

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIER

WHILE the King is enjoying his "cure" at Marienbad, the royal family are being much more scattered than is generally the case at this time of year. The Queen, after a brief stay in Scotland, will proceed to Denmark, where the delightful holiday home her Majesty shares with the Dowager Empress of Russia has been prepared for her reception. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will shortly entertain royalty in the

A Military Engagement.

A betrothal of interest to military society is that of Captain Percy Morris Robinson, of the Queen's Own, whose father was in the same regiment, and Miss Ruth Worthington, the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. H. R. Worthington, of Waston Lys, Liss. It would seem as if long engagements were coming in again, for Captain Robinson and Miss Worthington do not intend to be married till next spring.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN PERCY MORRIS
ROBINSON: MISS RUTH WORTHINGTON.

Photograph by Annie Bell.



Frau Wölfling.

SIMPLE (INSTEAD OF COMPLICATED) LIFE AS A CAUSE OF DIVORCE: FRAU WÖFLING, WIFE OF THE EX-ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

It will be remembered that the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand renounced his titles and rights in order that he might marry Frau Adamovics. At this time he took the name of Herr Wölfling. Recently Frau Wölfling took up the Simple Life, much against the will of her husband, who sued for a divorce, and won his case. Now Frau Wölfling is seeking to get the decree annulled.

"Futures" Royal. The ex-Archduke Leopold Ferdinand and his pretty wife are free again, because the Court has so decreed. What will they do with their liberty? He had renounced all his titles and rights, and adopted the Simple Life that he might marry Frau Adamovics, the gifted, albeit humbly-born, actress. She has taken up the Simple Life, and the Archduke is not in agreement. At any rate, they are "divorced." Should she be prepared to quit the Simple Life for her old realm before the footlights, doubtless America would provide her with a fortune. For the Archduke the position is a little more perplexing. Counting the world well lost for love, he formally undertook not to return to his native land, and for his complaisance received £8000 down and the promise of a yearly allowance of £1200. With a wife devoted to the Simple Life, he should have managed comfortably on that. But now that she is gone, the question remains, can he rescind the contract? Can he come to life again as a regular royal Archduke of the House of Hapsburg?

A Royal Secret. The strange sequel to the Archduke

Leopold Ferdinand's romance brings to mind a suggestion of a tragedy within a tragedy, of which comparatively few people can have heard. On the Common, at Chislehurst, a huge granite cross records the affection which local residents entertained for the Prince Imperial, who left there to go out to meet his death in the Zulu War. That he never expected to return alive the pathetic terms of his will make clear. Why should he have wished to go upon an expedition, through which he did not expect to live, for a country which was not his own? Perhaps the secret lies in the remark let fall by Mr. Jay, who was for many years one of the American Ambassadors to European Courts. As he returned from the funeral of the young Prince, he mused; "What a thread of commonplace runs through the story of the Bonapartes! To think that when people ask the origin of all this tragedy, the answer should be, 'Miss —, of Chislehurst!'"

Two Royal Double Events.

Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse deserves well of her Fatherland, for she is the proud mother of six sons, including two sets of twins! This charming Princess, who is one of our Sovereign's favourite nieces, is the youngest daughter of the late Empress Frederick, and it was to her that the latter left her splendid castle at Friedrichshof. These two sets of royal twins have the quaintest resemblance to one another, and Prince Philip and Prince Wolfgang, who are now in their twelfth year, were a source of special interest to their venerable great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, for, curiously enough, there were no other twins among her great-grandchildren.



THE ONLY DOUBLE SET OF ROYAL TWINS:
PRINCES PHILIP AND WOLFGANG,

The elder twin sons of Princess Frederick Charles
of Hesse, born at Rumpenheim on November 6, 1896.

Photograph by Voigt.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN SEEKING HER MASTER'S VOICE.

ELIZABETH (ALIAS MR. GEORGE ROBEY) IS FASCINATED BY THE GRAMOPHONE.



1. "IS THAT YOU, LEICESTER?"

2. "NO, DEMME, IT'S ESSEX!"

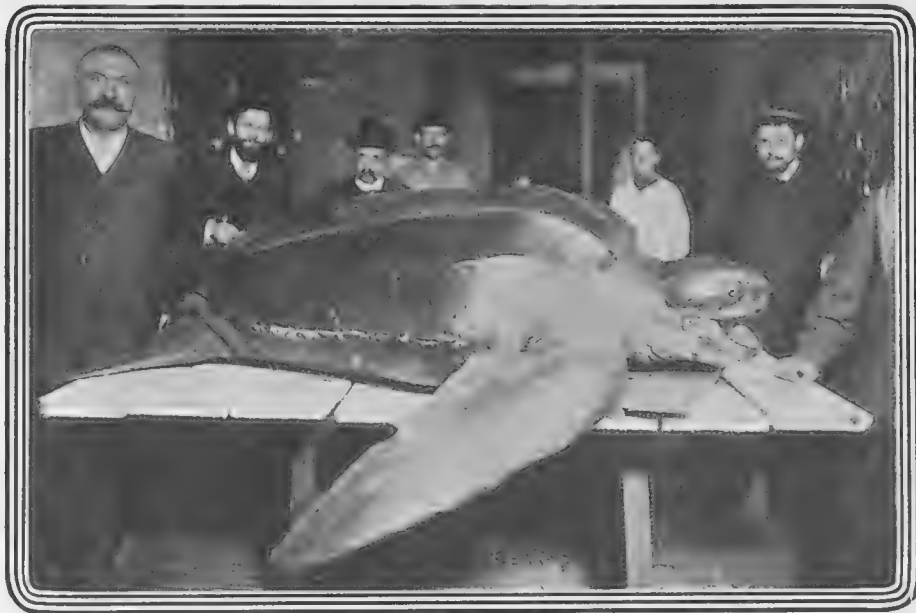
Photographs by Foulsham and Ranfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

"Burking." Had the Monte Carlo trunk murder been committed in an earlier age, dissection by the criminal would neither have been necessary nor expedient. That would have been left to the professional dissector, who was ready to pay high prices for dead bodies, and ask no questions as to how death had come about. When complaint is made that this or that

resembles Mr. Morley and other British statesmen of our time who have held office in troublous days. Sir George Trevelyan, who courageously went to Ireland immediately after the Phoenix Park murders, was guarded, much against his will, wherever he went. Lord Rookwood, seeing a man stealing suspiciously after the statesman in Oxford Street, mentioned the fact to Sir George. "Please don't remind me," said the latter, with a shudder; "it's only my shadow, and I simply hate him."



WORTHY TO MAKE SOUP FOR GOG AND MAGOG: AN 877 LB. TURTLE.

Photograph by Halfpines Ltd.

subject is "burked," it may not occur to the one using the phrase that it results from perhaps the most revolting series of crimes ever perpetrated in civilised Britain. Burke and Hare, in the "resurrectionist" days, were not resurrectionists; they were too previous for that. Instead of digging up dead bodies, they provided them first-hand, murdering their victims to have corpses to sell. It is known that some thirty crimes were committed in this way, but Burke declared in the condemned cell that there were many murders about which the prosecutors knew nothing. He was a grim brute. At the last he was visibly worried, and his ghostly comforters thought that he was about to incline his ear to their words of comfort. Not a bit of it. "I ought to get that five pounds from Dr. Knox, which is still unpaid, for the body of the woman Docherty," he grumbled. Docherty was one of the women he had murdered.

"Jarvey" and "Ornithorhynchus." "Jarvey" has pretty nearly as bad an origin as "Burke," and if cabby were versed in the history of his high calling, he would soon be down from his box with his hands up when called by the title. The gentleman commemorated by the name was a little in the Burke-and-Hare line, but only a little in it. Burke, like the Ancient Mariner, or an inexpert wicket-keeper, "stopped one of three"; the father of the name "Jarvey" stopped for all time only a single one. That sufficed, however, to hang him. And because he was a murderer and a cabman named Jarvis they have ever since called the members of his profession Jarvey. It is uncomplimentary, and not clever. Far more gratifying is the term "ornithorhynchus" as applied to your tailor when he has an account against you, for, as all the world knows, the ornithorhynchus is a beast with a bill.

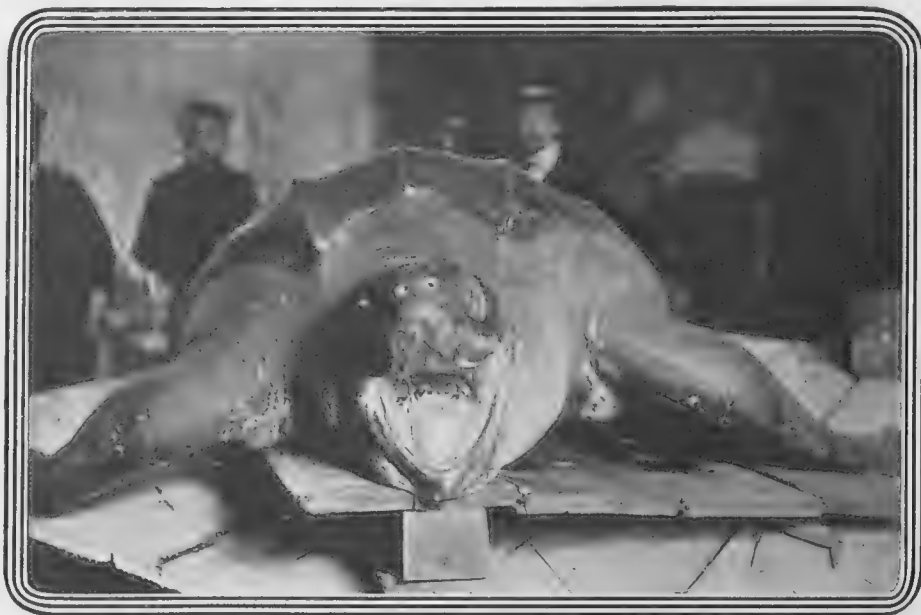
The Scorned Protector. It would be interesting to know whether, in view of the wave of lawlessness which is sweeping over certain American cities, President Roosevelt finds it necessary to summon afresh to his side the bodyguard of private detectives with whose services he determined some time ago to dispense. He does not like them, and in that

An Uninteresting Acquittal.

Mr. Carlyon Bellairs has deemed it necessary to remind members of the House of Commons that, in the matter of a court-martial, he came off with flying colours. Had the verdict been different, the public memory would have needed no assistance. Mr. Bellairs will probably be consoled by the knowledge that he suffers in excellent company. When Roddam secured an honourable acquittal at a court-martial, he ordered his printer to publish the minutes of his trial. So many copies were to be presented to his friends and opponents; the remainder were to be sold. On going over the account some time afterwards, he found that only the free copies had quitted the hands of the printer, albeit the latter had extensively advertised the publication. "This is strange, seeing that Admiral Byng's trial ran through three editions in a week," Roddam complained. "That is a different case," said the printer. "If you had been condemned to be shot, your trial would have sold as well; but the public takes no interest in an honourable acquittal."

Tautology.

How will they inform the Viceroy of India of the approaching advent in the land over which he rules of a cargo of British cats, sent thither to destroy the noxious flea-carrying rat? There exists the record of a cable sent to a former Viceroy, which, but for its absurd tautology, might fit the present case. The news of Lord Curzon's appointment to the Viceroyalty reached far Japan, where a relative rushed to the telegraph-office to cable congratulations. Words cost money when they have a distance to come by cable, so the person cabling restricted his message to the one word, "Felicitas." It was enough—



A COLOSSAL TURTLE: THE 877 LB. TURTLE CAUGHT OFF BRITTANY.

The turtle weighed 350 kilos (about 877 lb.) and was caught at Concarneau. It was exhibited at the Halles, Paris, was a nine days' wonder, and has now gone the way of all turtles—via the soup-tureen of an enterprising caterer who paid 400 francs for it.

Photograph by Halfpines Ltd.

more than enough for the telegraphist, who, though doubtless master of the finest old Japanese, was not quite up in Latin. So when Lord Curzon read his message he found, not the original, but the cryptic phrase, "Feline cats"!

HOLIDAY BOUNDERS.—No. III.



THE JONAH.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"I HAVE bought a theatre for you. I have watched your career for some time, and I am amazed that you have never had a proper chance. I will give you your chance. They don't pay you half enough salary. I will give you two hundred pounds a week. The parts that you play are unworthy of you. You shall play Juliet." That little speech was made one evening to Miss Millie Legarde, who had not then deserted musical comedy for the "legitimate stage." She had just arrived at the theatre, and a card



THE FLIGHTY WIFE IN "A NIGHT OUT";
MISS MARGUERITE LESLIE, WHO IS PLAYING
MARCELLE PAILLARD TO MR. GEORGE GIDDENS'
JOSEPH PINGLET AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

would certainly need all the resources of the theatre if he was to look in any way like the impassioned lover of Verona. For some minutes the stranger gave unmistakable evidence of the fact that, if he did not possess histrionic genius, he undoubtedly had a marvellous gift of words, for they literally poured out. Happily, Miss Legarde was not alone in her room, for her maid was with her, and so was a friend. She looked at the friend, and made a movement with her eyes towards the door. The young lady acted on it, and went for the stage-manager. He came. "I am sorry," he said to the visitor, "but it is absolutely necessary that Miss Legarde should begin to prepare for the performance. I must therefore ask you to leave her now, as we cannot keep the audience waiting through her not being ready."

"Certainly, I will go," replied the gallant would-be Romeo; "but before I go"—he turned to Miss Legarde—"I want you to accept these wristlets from me." He pointed to a pair of sealskin wristlets he was wearing under his cuffs. He did not take them off, however, and left with them on. That was the last Miss Legarde ever saw of her would-be Romeo, of her two hundred pounds a week, or of the theatre which had been bought for her. Next day, however, she did see in one of the papers that a man had gone to a West-End restaurant, and, having done himself well and not having the money for the bill, had tendered in payment a pair of sealskin wristlets.

On one occasion when Mr. R. G. Knowles was in Australia, Mr. Williamson, the well-known manager who has recently arrived in London, asked him to take part in an entertainment at the local lunatic asylum. For this entertainment he talked on the subject of Women. As he spoke, he noticed one of the lunatics at the far end of the room making eyes at him. Presently the man rose from his seat, and, with a semi-circular movement, crept to another part of the hall. He stood for a moment or two, then, with another semi-circular movement, came forward, advancing nearer the platform. This he repeated two or three times more until he came within a few feet of Mr. Knowles. Then, darting forward with short steps, he twisted his neck in a quaint way and whispered in the speaker's ears, "What do you know about women, anyway?" The moment he had spoken he ran straight back to the place from which he originally started. He waited a few minutes, still making eyes at Mr. Knowles. Then he started for the platform a second time, in the same semi-circular way as before. A second time he darted forward, and, perking his head up, said, "Well?" and was off again to his place. He waited a few minutes more,

still ogling Mr. Knowles, and then made a third dash at him. This time his remark was not in the form of a question but a statement. "When you know as much about women as I do, you will be here too," and he skipped back to his place. As Mr. Knowles is not in the asylum, it is obvious that his education on the subject of Women is, from the point of view of the lunatic, still incomplete.

Many people who went to the Lyceum Theatre in the old days will remember Barry, the old soldier who was the stage-door keeper for so many years under the Irving régime. On one occasion, Mr. Forrest Robinson, who is playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," at Terry's Theatre, had occasion to leave a book for Sir Henry. To expedite matters, he took it to the stage-door and handed it to Barry, asking him to give it to Sir Henry and to tell him to do so and so with it. Barry took the book and replied, "I beg your pardon, Sir, I'll give it to Sir Henry, but I can't tell him to do anything."

Accidents, as most theatre-goers know, occasionally lead to very effective incidents, or "bits of business," in a play. Probably few of the later visitors to "My Wife" are aware of the fact that the bringing-in of the glass of milk for Miss Marie Löhr in the last act, when she returns to her husband's chambers, was originally an accident. Such, however, is the fact. During the early days of the run she had a very bad cold, and was advised to drink a glass of hot milk during the third act. By some accident, one night, it was not ready for her before she left her dressing-room, and when her maid followed her with it to the stage she had already made her entrance. As she was standing wondering what she should do, for Miss Löhr wanted the milk very much, it was found that Mr. Holman Clark could easily take it to her on



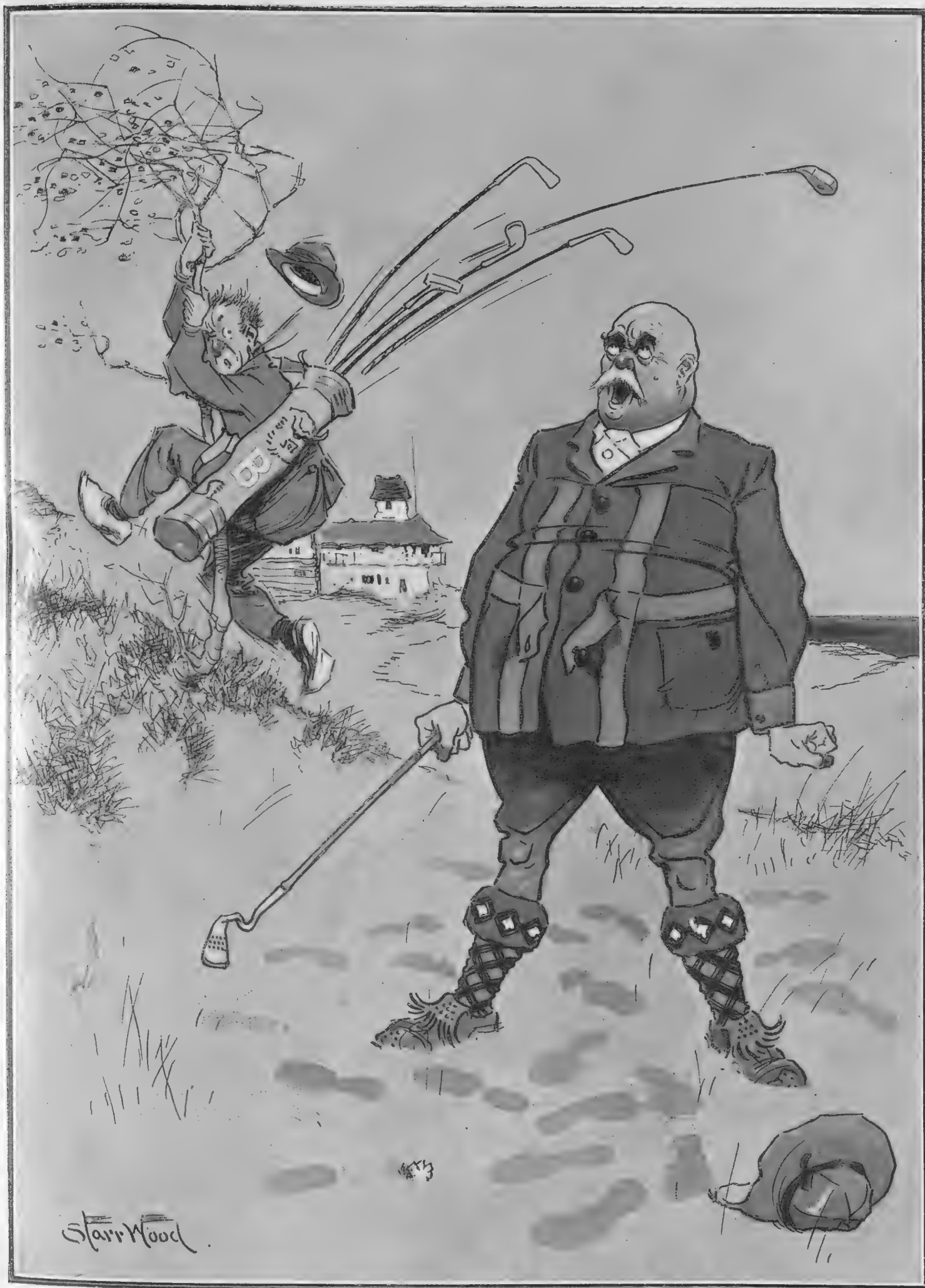
THE POETRY OF MOTION: Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE, THE FAMOUS PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE, AND HER AUNT, MME. GENÉE.

Mlle. Genée is to leave the Empire, where she has been so popular. It is feared that she may go to America, but that is not certain. It is to be hoped that she will remain on this side to represent dancing in its highest form.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

the stage when he made his next entrance as the butler. He did. His appearance with the milk was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of laughter. The effect was so marked that it was determined to retain it, and that is how it came about that at every performance, during the third act, Miss Löhr has to drink half-a-pint of milk.

EVEN ESPERANTO WAS EXHAUSTED!



THERE ARE NO WORDS TO THIS DRAWING: THE GOLFER HAS USED THEM ALL.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AMONG the birthday-greetings bestowed on Lord Tennyson on his fifty-fifth birthday, one, in an evening contemporary, quoted four "flowing" lines of verse from his pen. And then the paragrapher explained that "Lord Tennyson has something of the poet in his appearance; the high-domed forehead, the piercing eyes, and the expressive mouth are distinctly suggestive of the first bearer of the title." All of which suggests, unintentionally, but unkindly, that the poet was not easily recognised in the quotation. Lord Tennyson is not alone in bearing his father's name in vain—as far as lyrical inheritance is concerned. The author of the "Angel in the House" gave his eldest son two poets' names, but, unlike the late Laureate, did not forbid his child the pastime of Parnassus. Dr. Tennyson Patmore, however, has published no verse; and Lord Tennyson, if he has not strictly adhered to the reported parental interdict against verse-writing, must be described as poetical in looks rather than in his rhymes.

cry of a fallen comrade: "Reports of pistols brought on another rush, and away we went—wagons, wounded men, negroes, forges, ambulances, cavalry—everything. This in time subsided, and, feeling ashamed, I turned back to look after my wounded, my horse as reluctant as myself, and expecting every moment the sound of the coming foes." The narrator is a Mr. Moore, who served as a cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson—a fact to be commended to some of the Transatlantic merry-makers over Sir Frederick Maurice's candours. All the great American General's bricks were not, we may be sure, of such flighty stuff as Mr. Moore, who, fighting from a sense of duty, had, however, the uncommon courage to be unashamed of the lack of martial spirit with which he commenced the campaign. He grew braver, not like the hero of Mr. Norreys Connell's story, who refused a V.C. because he had carried champagne into action and "dead men" out of it, but through hard schooling. Four years of such schooling



DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS—I. PICKING UP A HORSE-SHOE FOR LUCK.

Alfred Tennyson was not the only father who put Parnassus, as it were, out of bounds. Meredith's Sir Austin Feverel disapproved the muse for Richard, because, he said, "no Feverel has ever written poetry." Tennyson's reason must have been rather different! So Sir Austin put Richard to the ordeal of fire, saying "that it would give him pleasure to see those same precocious, utterly valueless, scribbles among the cinders. Richard's spirit stood bare. He protested not. Enough that it could be wished! He would not delay a minute in doing it. Desiring his father to follow him, he went to a drawer in his room, and from a clean-linen recess, never suspected by Sir Austin, the secretive youth drew out bundle after bundle, and pitched them into flames. And so Farewell my young Ambition! and with it farewell all true confidence between Father and Son."

It was quite otherwise in the case of Tennyson, father and son, if Dame Gossip may be counted reliable. Tennyson junior was not to write minor Tennyson; but there was a compact, an understanding, and no methods of barbarism. While there was no scribbling from the son, there was an allowance from the father—perhaps the very cheque that commutes the butt of malmsey wine.

Volume II. of "The History of the War in South Africa, 1895-1902," compiled by direction of his Majesty's Government, contains many frank tales of "retirements," but nothing so thorough as the following description. It had been a day of flight—candid flight whenever death was sounded in the whizzing of a bullet or the

"seasoned us to meet unflinchingly the most desperate situations." Even bravery, like virtue itself, becomes a habit.

Polemics thrive in Putney, where Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is less windy in his Imperialism than Mr. Swinburne. In "The Work of Cecil Rhodes: A Sonnet-Sequence," just published, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton makes much of the "brooding-place," the "circle of boulders, vast and hoar," where lies the body of Cecil Rhodes, but fails, as some critics think, to justify his sequence. It is hard to bring home a mistake of judgment to the cherished advisor of two of England's great poets—Rossetti and Swinburne—and to one who is so long experienced as an *Athenaeum* "reviewer." But surely there is more of Kiplingese ballad to be had out of Rhodes and Rhodesia than there is legitimate matter for eight formal sonnets of rather lugubrious laudation.

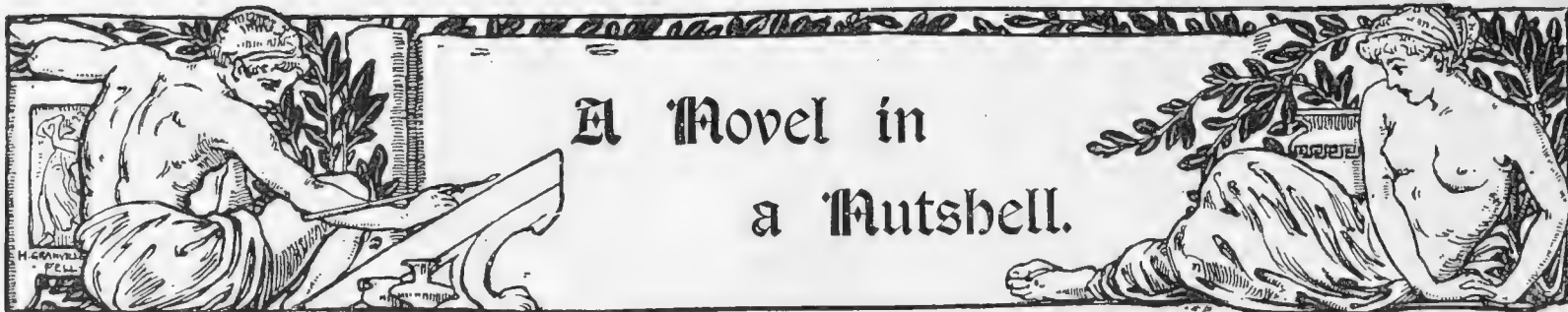
If it be true that travellers, like poets, are born and not made, assuredly the roving genius presided over the cradle of Mr. Winston Churchill. He has gone far and wide already, and has had adventures of which the world is aware. But, as a ship without a rudder, will be Mr. Winston Churchill without a pen. If an Under-Secretary of State cannot be the correspondent of a newspaper, he can, at any rate, write a book. Even Lord Randolph Churchill, when he went out to South Africa at the lurid end of his life, had a publishers' office as his final goal; and we may be certain that East Africa will be made familiar by Mr. Winston Churchill to the subscribers to Mudie's and Smith's. M. E.

THE JOY OF SWIMMING: THE CROSS-CHANNEL FACE.



READY FOR ANOTHER MOUTHFUL: JARVIS, THE FAMOUS SWIMMER, PRACTISING.

J. A. Jarvis holds the 900-yards record, having swum the distance in 12 min., 17 2-5 sec. He has swum from Kew to Putney (5 miles, 60 yards) on the ebb, in 1 hour, 3 min. 40 sec.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE MAN THEY CARRIED DOWN BROADWAY.

BY HERBERT SHAW.

IT was told me beyond the Aquarium at Brighton, in the dark, by the golfhouse at Kemp Town, and in a dip of the hills by the four haystacks that mark the path to Ovingdean. George Kenny himself told it me, or rather, it was in these three different places that I wormed it from him, for it was hard to get him to speak of it at all. And when he spoke, the memory of the year's fight was still with him, making him restless, impatient of any question, more nervous even than usual. That night by the Aquarium, when he finished the story, the people who passed by turned and looked at us curiously, suspecting a quarrel.

George Kenny came from a Michigan city, and he was a great music-hall artist ("vaudeville performer," in his own language), who would have been a far greater preacher. Altruist and dreamer, fed on Henley, Emerson, and (lately) Maeterlinck, he will become a preacher yet. His nightly business of making a full house laugh, by telling them funny stories, is clowning to his big heart. I call to you, Kenny, high up by the ice-bound lake a thousand miles above New York. Let me know when you have developed to that change. There would be no revival meetings to equal yours.

In the beginning, Kenny starved in circuses, and tramped the roads between whites, and blacked his face to play corner-man in little fit-up country shows, parading the village street with the troupe in the mornings, brass band and all—the only advertisement they could afford.

Every vaudeville beginner in America clamours to go West, but Kenny was taken as partner by Horace Johnson, an older man. Kenny and Johnson crossed to England, played in pantomime, and made fair money. They parted after a time, Kenny drawing five pounds a week as a single turn at the Olympus Music-Hall, which is not its proper name. Ordered to go on in a hurry one night to "take" the applause for a French ballad-singer who had finished her turn, he refused. It is a professional point of dignity, easily understood.

Rawton, the manager, called for the lowering of his flag.

"If you don't go on now, Mr. Kenny, you don't play at the Olympus any more."

"Very well, then," said Kenny. He went upstairs, put on his coat, and walked out of the theatre within three minutes.

There were a wife and baby at home by now, and only three music-hall men in a hundred save out of five pounds a week. "You'll have to apologise to Rawton," said all his friends. "You'll never get a show in London again unless you do. He's got all the influence."

"I'll have to not," said Kenny. "When they want me at the Olympus now, they'll have to send for me."

There followed a period of famine for those in the two furnished rooms in the Brixton Road. At the end of three desperate weeks, Jimmy Mavin, whose wide, appealing grin ("I ain't now, am I?") all London loves, searched for Kenny, and found him in the Loughborough Arms.

"You'd better go back home, George. They've got the bar up against you here." He laid seventeen pounds on the round marble table. "I've had a good day at the races: . . . pay me when you've got it. Don't worry; we'll look after the missus."

On the boat Kenny did some thinking, chiefly on account of the wife and baby left behind. It is a long time ago now—and star salaries were unknown those days—since a long-haired, soft-voiced, easy-walking man marched into managers' offices and asked for a show at their theatres.

"What do you do, and what do you want?"

"My show is this and this. And I want a hundred and fifty dollars a week."

A hundred and fifty dollars is thirty pounds, and Kenny himself has laughed at the memory of his reception. He says that the managers fell off their stools. Recovering, they demanded a feeble "Why?"

"If I don't get that I want nothing. Give me a week's show, and bill me fair. If I don't draw that into your theatre by my business then give me nothing."

He played on those terms. At the end of a week they handed him his hundred and fifty willingly. Kenny the dreamer was a star, a find; and at the end of another week his wife and baby were on their way out from England. Digressing for a moment, and jumping eight years, the Olympus Music-Hall in London sent a man specially to America to fetch him back, as he had prophesied. At this time at the Olympus (dear old Rawton—still in command, though he died soon afterwards—asked pardon for his hastiness of eight years back) he drew a hundred pounds a week for six solid months; and played by command before the King. After that, one hundred and twenty a week for the run of a comedy in an unlucky Strand theatre. Yes, George H. Kenny would be a rich man if it were not for the wide heart that the world's best men have always. The man with a hundred pound wage need never lack for pensioners—men and women both. But he steered clear of the women, for he loved his wife. Neither his wife nor I could keep him from the race-track, for he had gambler's blood.

It was in his own country, before his second triumphant showing in London, that George Kenny came up against the Vaudeville Syndicate, who ruled the variety world. In all the big cities the Vaudeville Syndicate had halls, and if you were not a good boy, they could bar you out and prevent your earning money, and make things generally unpleasant.

The Vaudeville Syndicate was brick hard, and it was ill to run up against it.

This was the cause for fighting. The brick-hard men of the Syndicate hatched a scheme to corner all the talent, to rope in all the "stars," so that in time they could squeeze out all the lesser halls. In time, it meant doing away with all the "star" salaries, since, once they got their hand well in, the Syndicate could put their own price on a man's work, and tell him to play by himself if he refused. And the smaller men would be in worse case.

Kenny saw plainly that it would come to this when the Syndicate took their first step, announcing their intention to charge artists a five per cent. booking fee on all engagements made with them. So that the artists themselves were to help find the expenses for the scheme that would later beat them down.

Like all upsetters, the Syndicate made out that they were doing a fine thing, which was to benefit everybody all round. Kenny went to see a member of the Syndicate, and said, "What's this you're at?"

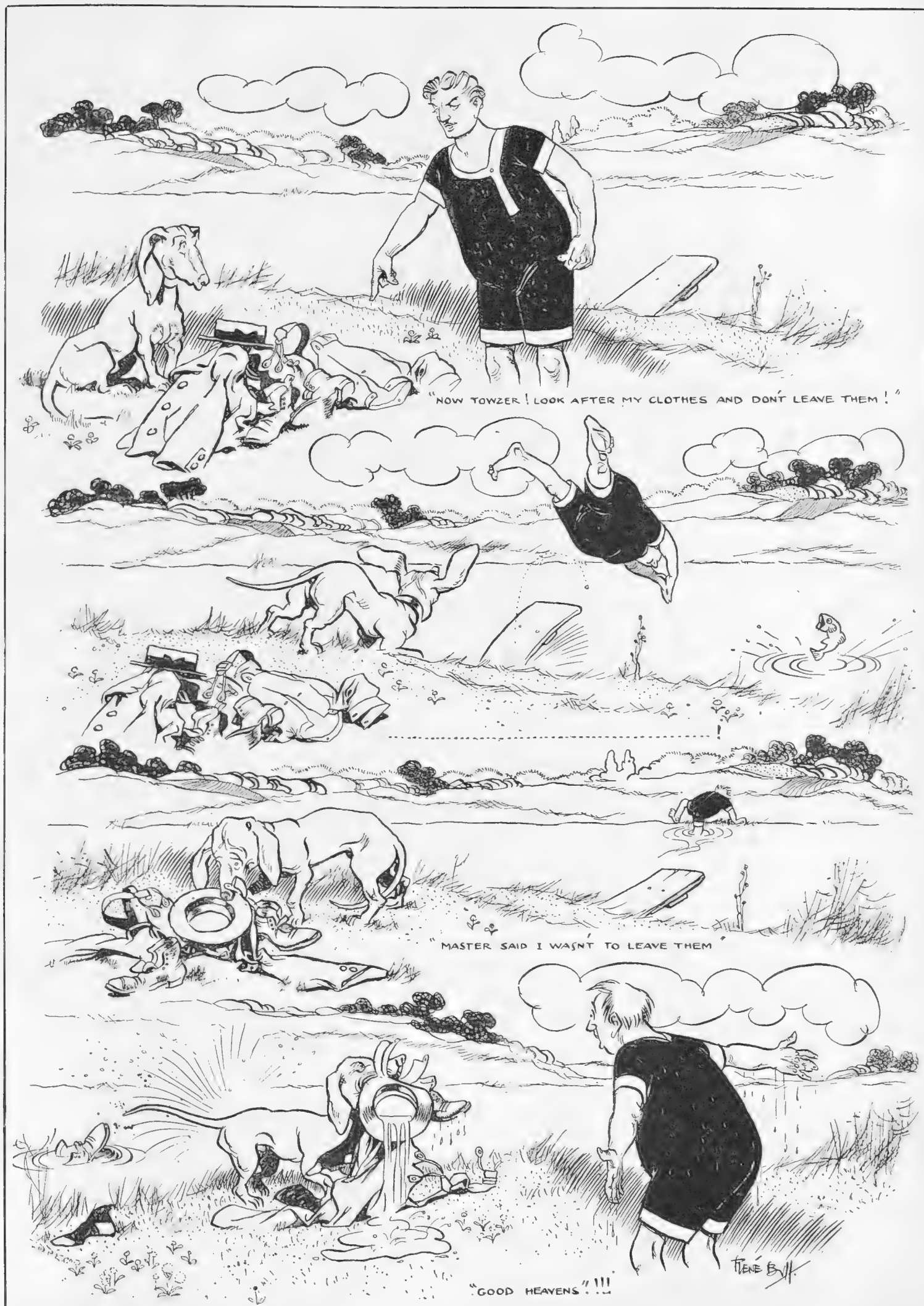
"We're doing a mighty fine thing for you all. We can book you for forty solid weeks—you'll not have such jumps."

"You're going to make a hell of trouble," returned Kenny. He went out into the city and gathered in the first of the men to make the artists' defence army. Before five o'clock that army was born, toasted, and christened the "White Stars."

"George Kenny's founded some fool organisation to fight us," said one Syndicate boss to another.

[Continued overleaf.]

ANOTHER TRUST GONE WRONG.



FAITHFUL BEAST!

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

"He can never organise a music-hall crowd. They're too jealous of one another. Let him alone. It'll flare for a bit and die, and then they'll all come to us."

And in Koster and Bial's Lorrimore laughed, and called him "dreamer Kenny." Lorrimore was a famous actor, and had made money. But now he was morose, and becoming old, and he was jealous of Kenny because Kenny had studied Shakespeare play by play, and had once said that he (a vaudeville man) would show them that he could play Shakespeare parts before he died. Never forgiving him for that, Lorrimore was more bitterly jealous still of Kenny's influence with men. Already he had made enthusiasts in the baby White Star Association. Already trusting him, looking to him, they were calling him Big Chief Kenny, and Lorrimore, born for leading parts, was passed over and unheeded. They met in Con. Avenue. "You've got too big a job on," said Lorrimore shortly, and walked away.

"He might have said good-luck, anyway," thought Kenny, looking after him.

It is hard to convey the difficulty of Kenny's work. The White Stars grew slowly while the Syndicate played a waiting game, beyond frightening timid men into refusing to join the rebels. All day Kenny was about the city, persuading and coaxing other timid men into membership. All day his wife was answering the telephone at home. Every true White Star man had a little member's button in his coat. Some were afraid to wear it in case the Syndicate should win and black-mark their names for future punishment. At the mammoth weekly meetings on Sundays Kenny argued and pleaded with those who were shy to come in. In the week there were hundreds of letters, visits, and more arguments.

"You've got to join, and we've got to keep together against all the fakers and grafters on the other side. If you don't, you'll find you have to go down on your knees later on to get a fortnight's work."

Sunday after Sunday passed, and under his nervous, incessant forcing the White Stars grew to great membership and power. They began to get impatient of what seemed inaction, and fearful of the silence of the Syndicate, which still did nothing but insult the Association in many different ways. Looking to Big Chief Kenny for a sign, they came round on Sundays with tales of indignities received. They were a big thing now, nearly all of them were in; they wanted to strike, to show, to test their power. And now Kenny had his hardest job to keep them in till the right time should come.

"I went to see Da Costa. 'You belong to those fool White Stars,' he said. 'I do,' I told him. 'Good-morning, then,' said he, and turned me off."

"What do you think they did in Baltimore?" said another, and told of further insult.

"Never mind," said Kenny. "Let it go. You're not navvies, and this isn't an ordinary strike—let them call you what names they like. Don't tip up your hand."

For nine months he held the White Stars together in this way. Men said that Lorrimore was getting queer and strange. He had been very excited over the business at first, but now he went about, sarcastic and watchful, waiting for Kenny to fall or to win. Often he laughed, and said that Kenny could not win—that his own unruly crowd, in their impatience for some definite happening, would upset the work of the months. The strain was on Kenny, and his wife begged him to throw the business up. He was all right, and could always earn big money. Why spend himself for the sake of lesser craftsmen?

He was hardly ever at home now, for a crisis was coming to prove the work of his hands. Even the newspapers were keen about the thing, and stood for the Syndicate or the White Stars. Dissension began in that restless body, and Big Chief Kenny knew that some were trying to put a job on him.

At the Sunday meetings there were the beginnings of clamour and quarrels. Then the Syndicate, as Kenny had hoped and expected, pulled the string of the crisis, and finished the weary waiting. In a distant city a White Star man learnt that the Syndicate was sending people to Europe to secure talent, to engage all kinds of good vaudeville men. He came bustling to New York with the news. The telephones were furious and busy as Big Chief Kenny called the twenty-one White Star heads to a final council.

"What'll we do?" said one. "They mean to bring a boatload of performers over, and crowd us out. If they once land them here, they've got us beat. They'll ram in their five per cent. idea and force it from us."

"We'll hit them first," said Kenny, "now that we're wise to their game. Here's a list of fifteen Syndicate halls, New York and the other cities, and every son of a gun playing in them this week is a White Star man. And every woman there is in our crowd too—they'll do what we tell them."

"What's that, chief?"

"Why, this," said Kenny. . . .

A waiter knocked at the door of the room, and entered with a scared face. He said that Lorrimore was below, and would not go away till he had seen George Kenny and the others. . . . Lorrimore came in, gaunt and strange, and began to speak strange-rambling words. His eyes were set in a pallid face, his voice was queer and

even, and soft, like the voice of a child. "He's mad," said Ezra Dollman, and spoke the truth. But Lorrimore did not hear.

In the hour of his loosening he had come to pay tribute to a man whom he had hated and bitterly envied. It is no hour for envy when childhood comes for the second time. It fell to twenty-one White Stars and Big Chief Kenny to attend at the visible breaking-up of a fine brain after a lifetime of nerve-strain and struggle, success and applause. Men had loved him and waited on his word; now they turned to Kenny, the younger man; but in this last moment of his old self, Lorrimore's heart saw clear and wide, and had no room for jealousy. He rambled on, saying beautiful things among the rubbish, and no one dared to stop him.

"We'll have to get him away. We can't get on with him here." Even this, that all there knew to be tragedy, utter and concrete, must be subordinate to the business of the White Stars, fighting the Syndicate on a five per cent. extortion which meant much besides.

"I'll work a plant on him," whispered Kenny. "I'll go over to the Victoria, and get a man to ring him up here from the Waldorf-Astoria, and say Mr. Grau wants to see him. And I'll find a man to follow him along to the Waldorf to look after him."

"So long, Lorrimore," said Kenny gently. It was an uncanny shaking of hands while they looked each other in the eyes. The sane man knew by the grip on his hand that the other was striving, without avail, to keep hold to the borderland across which the gods were drifting him. "Good-bye, George," said Lorrimore at last. "Good luck!" and all quarrel between the two was done.

"I dreamed a dream," said Lorrimore suddenly, when the door had closed on Kenny. His voice was still soft, but different, and the words were now strung together and in sense. They looked from one to another, and then at him; but he looked above them, speaking to himself.

"I dreamed a dream." In his last flickering the gods had made him a poet.

"There was a man in front of a mountain, a mountain very steep. And there was no way round and no way over, unless he could reach to the sky. He had a little penknife in his hand. I hated him. And as I saw him standing in front of the mountain, he could not pass. I heard myself laugh and mock him. My laugh rang out and echoed from the rock. But he did not stir, standing there with the penknife in his hand."

"I went away in my dream, still laughing at his foolishness." Lorrimore's hand went to his head for a minute, but he was not acting. "I went away into places of hell, dark and very cold. I hated the man I had left behind, because I knew men loved him. After a long time I was back before the mountain. And suddenly I saw the mountain was cut through."

A phone bell tinkled like a sharp dagger thrust into the tenseness of the room. Dollman jumped in his seat, but he did not move to answer it.

"He had hacked through the mountain with his penknife. And now I did not laugh, because I loved him. You would have been no good without him. You would never have won. He is greater than you all." His voice rose. "The man before the mountain was George Kenny, and you were only the penknife, you poor weak fools."

He turned and went from the room; the telephone lay unheeded.

"Shall we tell the chief?" said somebody.

"Why, yes," Dollman smiled. "It's true, isn't it?" and Kenny, returning to business, heard the story.

"It's a queer mix-up, the world, isn't it?" he said. "But let's get to our work now. There's those fifteen Syndicate Halls. Take them all round, they're the biggest in the country. Wire to every player—star to bottom-liner—to cancel their engagements and refuse to play to-night. They're all in with us."

Nine months labouring had made this move possible. That night thirteen halls in the big cities shut absolutely, because they were suddenly without any turns. Two kept open by running biograph pictures for the whole performance. The next morning it was all over the States—how George H. Kenny had shut up fifteen music-halls in one night—and the *New York Journal* came out with a staring poster—"White Stars Win."

Under a blow which would warp the plans of any syndicate, the Vaudeville Syndicate recalled its five per cent. proposition, and resolved to threaten Vaudeville Land no more. Two days afterwards the White Stars stopped the traffic at noon to carry Kenny down Broadway between cheering crowds, for he was loved outside the profession, and the fight with the Syndicate had been city talk. There followed a meeting at Koster and Bial's, when they gave him a silver loving-cup with a few thousand dollars in it. He carried it outside on the pavement, and handed out money from it to hard-up minor players.

But Lorrimore walked on to a stage one night and announced that he was Herod, and they took him away to an asylum. Kenny went home—he had hardly known it for nine rushing, stressful months. He picked up his youngest daughter, a baby of a year, and, kissing her, swung her on high.

"They are like milk and honey and roses at this age," said George H. Kenny, poet and dreamer and vaudeville man. "Some day I'll play before the King, Mignonne. And mother shall tell you all about it."

THE END.

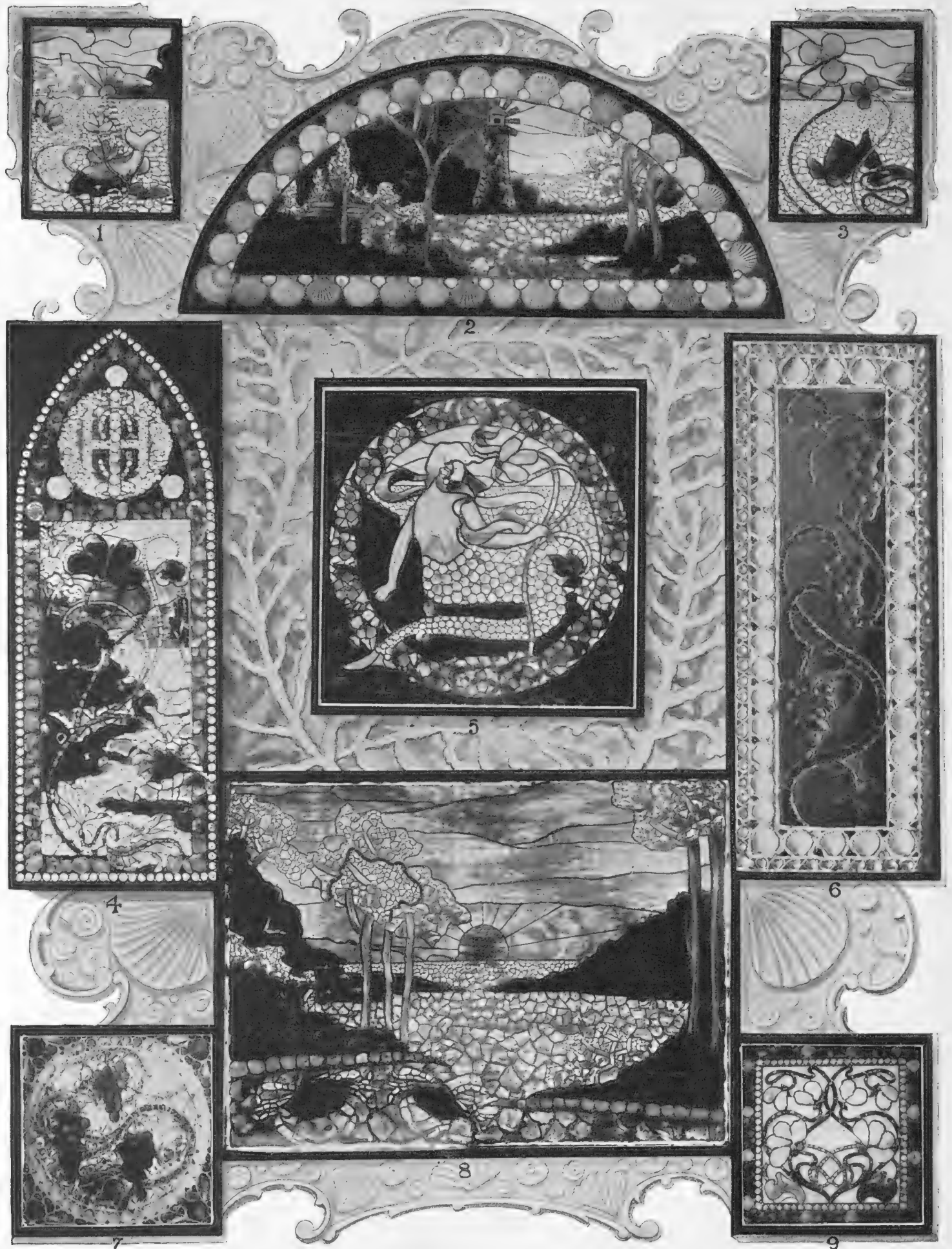
FAME FROM INFAMY.



THE SMALL BOY (in an awestruck whisper): See 'im? 'E's got 'is orterbiography—"My Life o' Crime"—comin' out in "The Happy Dispatch."

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERF.

FOR ARTISTIC SEA-SIDERS: MOSAICS IN SHELLS.



1. A WINDOW IN THE DINING-SALOON OF A YACHT.
 2. A LUNETTE OVER A DOOR: "THE LIGHTHOUSE."
 3. A WINDOW IN THE DINING-SALOON OF A YACHT.

4. A MEMORIAL WINDOW: "GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS."
 5. A FIRE-SCREEN: "THE MERMAID."
 6. A DOOR FOR A WINE CUPBOARD: "GRAPES."

7. A PANEL: "TOKAY GRAPES."
 8. A MAGNIFICENT WINDOW IN MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE'S YACHT "POLLY": "SUNRISE."
 9. A FIRE-SCREEN: "LILIES."

Our illustrations give an idea of the beautiful mosaics that can be made from sea shells, and should act as an incentive to the artistic shell-collector to go and do likewise. Nothing could be further removed from the shell boxes, and similar abominations, that are still the delight of too many sea-side fancy-shops.

Photographs by P. J. Press Bureau.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

NOT so many years ago London was practically dead at this time of year—dead, that is, from the hotel-keeper's and tradesman's point of view. Now each August witnesses a regular

American invasion, and it is amusing to note that in many cases the Transatlantic lady visitor times her arrival so that she may benefit by the great July sales. "Taxis" wave their little red flags from early morning till late at night, for after the prices New York cabbies charge their luckless patrons, eightpence a mile seems marvellously cheap. London is really far pleasanter in August and September than Paris, and this the shrewd Yankee is beginning to discover; but his womenkind greatly lament the absence in our capital of the

but unlike most humbler folk, who prefer to pick out their news themselves, all they think may interest this most versatile of monarchs. Each Sovereign has his or her idiosyncrasies in the matter of newspaper reading. Queen Victoria detested the clipping system, and liked to form her own opinion of current events by glancing over those respectable dailies and weeklies which she knew were held in favour among her subjects. Napoleon III. always read the English papers most carefully; the present Emperor of Russia is fond of

pasting any passage that strikes his imagination into a book, and he then writes elaborate notes on the side. Our own royal family collect everything that is

written concerning their own selves, and when taking an interest in any special subject they save with praiseworthy zeal anything that is written about it in English, French, and German, the three languages with which they are most familiar. What an oddity the average royal cutting-book must be! A glance at it must often make its owner smile, if not laugh outright, for many are the absurdities printed about royalty.

Putting it Prettily. The German Emperor will have had an opportunity of saying the pretty thing, as well as performing it, in his meeting with King Edward. And really he can, when so minded, utter as pretty a phrase as the most finished of his courtiers. Witness the remark to a very young and beautiful countrywoman of Queen Alexandra, who performed before him with the violin. "You play admirably," he said. "When I am listening to you with my eyes closed I fancy that I am hearing Sarasate—and yet I prefer to keep my eyes open." Our Poet Laureate would seem to be similarly affected by the singing of Mlle. Suzanne Morival, for after listening to and gazing upon that gifted cantatrice, he dashed off this courtly little impromptu—

None can resist the dual charm by which thou dost ensnare.

Either, thou singest far too well, or else thou art too fair;

For we who listen to thy voice forget thy face to view,

And those who in thy face rejoice, forget to listen too.

If Mr. Austin were the German Poet Laureate, he might be in danger of *lèse majesté* in the matter of plagiarism of the royal idea.



ACTRESS AND CHAMPION TREE-CLIMBER: Mlle. CHRYSOULA COTOPOULI.

Mlle. Coto pouli, of the Theatre Royal, Athens, is both actress and bird-catcher. Armed with climbing-irons, nets, and so on, she collects rare birds, birds' nests, and eggs for scientific institutions in Greece. She claims to be the world's champion tree-climber.

bazaar-like emporiums which are household words in fair Lutetia, but which the building laws of our country make impossible in London.

Madame Kubelik. The great musicians of the world have often been singularly unfortunate in their matrimonial relations; a brilliant exception to the rule is the famous Kubelik, whose young wife seems to have absolutely fulfilled his ideal. Madame Kubelik belongs to the great Hungarian nobility, for she was the Countess Marianne von Czaky Szell. She is very beautiful, and seems to have fallen in love with her talented husband at first sight during a concert at which he was playing. Strangely enough, Kubelik, very shortly before his engagement, met a fortune-teller, who informed him that he would be married within a year, and that the first arrival in his family would take the form of a double event! This actually came to pass, and Kubelik's twin daughters, who are said already to show signs of musical talent, divide their lovely mother's name between them, one being called Mary, and the other Anne. Last March, another little daughter was born to the great singer. Kubelik and his wife have a delightful country home near Kolin, in Bohemia, and when there Madame Kubelik devotes much of her time to gardening. She is, of course, a musical enthusiast, her favourite among her husband's pieces being Paganini's "Witches' Dance."

The Kaiser, it seems, is one of the most omnivorous of newspaper readers,



ATTRACTING THE BIRD-BRINGER: A NESTING-PLACE ERECTED FOR STORKS NEAR A DUTCH HOUSE.

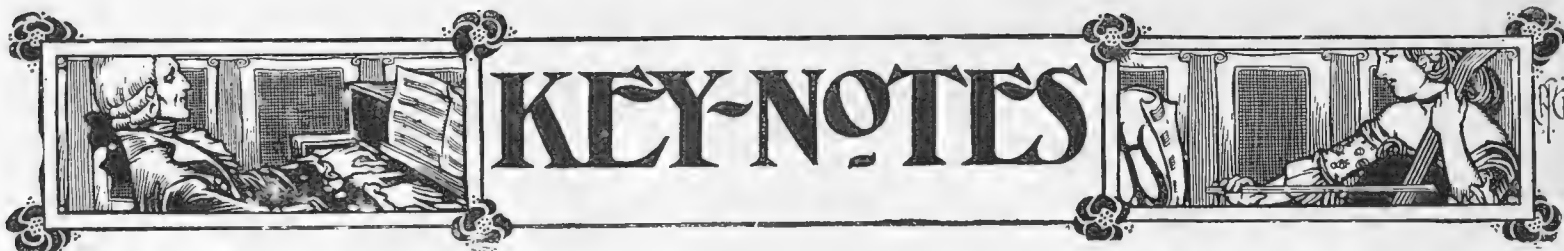
The stork is held in considerable veneration in Holland, where the childish belief that the bird is the world's official baby-bringer is very popular. In certain districts it is the custom to build special nesting-places for the birds, and to these nests the same pair will return year after year.

Photograph by Bastin.



IMMORTALISING A DANCER'S CONTORTION: "GRAND ÉCART," THE EXTRAORDINARY BRONZE STATUETTE BY WALTER SENTENIS.

The statuette was recently stolen from the Museum of the Dresden Artistic Association.



BY the death of Dr. Joseph Joachim, the greatest figure in the musical world of the later nineteenth century passes away, full of years and honours. No man has achieved so much in music, for Joachim was not only the greatest player of his time, and a celebrated teacher too; he exercised a remarkable influence upon the musical thought of his generation. He put forward the music that he thought was best, and the public of Europe accepted his judgment almost as eagerly as his interpretation. He gave a great impetus to chamber music; he introduced Brahms to a generation that was in danger of overlooking him. Joachim's life was one long triumph from start to finish; all the world delighted to honour him, and the qualities of his playing never failed in their appeal, even in years when a younger generation was knocking at the door. Of his services to music in this country it is needless to speak, for the memory of his work at St. James's Hall will not fade from the generation that has grown up, and he was with us only a year ago. To be sure, there were signs that the hand of time lay heavy upon him, and that the night was coming wherein no man may work. But the end is sudden.

Now that the town rests between spring and autumn opera, we have the opportunity of considering recent performances as a whole, and certain of the larger aspects of modern opera can be discussed in more leisurely fashion than was possible during the full stress of the musical season. We find ourselves face to face with the undeniable fact that many singers with established reputations showed themselves greatly distressed before July was half over. They sang with difficulty, forcing their voices in fashion that was often fatal to correct intonation. Now and again, one even heard artists of the first class who were physically unable to sustain their notes in trying passages. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to mention names; one and all were at fault before the curtain came down towards midnight on July 30. Even the singers who appeared no more than twice in the week at Covent Garden were in difficulties, and when we consider their accomplishments and their reputation, it becomes necessary to look a little below the surface for the cause of trouble.

That cause, as far as we can find out, lies less with the singers than the composers. It is a commonplace of criticism to declare that Wagner's music plays havoc with the human voice, and certainly there are few singers who can assume leading rôles in the German master's operas for many seasons and be worth hearing at the end of the time. It may even be added that the exceptions to the general rule were never trained in German schools, and learned their voice-production under different conditions. It may be doubted whether Wagner's influence upon the young Italian composers has not had as bad an effect upon those who have to interpret them as any of the "Ring" operas could have. Puccini, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Cilea, Franchetti, and the rest have all adopted the

Wagner method. They have written for the orchestra, and not for the voice, with the result that in most of the modern operas one hears—in Italy, or even in Covent Garden, there are times when the leading singers are fighting the orchestra in gallant but uneven contest. No modern composer will forego the satisfaction of writing complicated orchestral passages under the voice, and the careful listener can always find moments when the singer is forced either to succumb altogether to the heavy score, or to battle with it at the price of a tremendous strain upon the vocal chords.

Of course it was right, as well as inevitable, that the fashion in music should change; and if lyric opera passes from its place to yield something that is on more intimate terms with life, there can be little occasion to complain as far as the general public is concerned. On the other hand, we have to ask ourselves whether the modern singer is fitted to face the difficulties that composers put in his way. How many of our modern operatic artists can sing the "Salomé" music as Strauss has written it? How many can face the chief rôles in "La Tosca"? How many can hope to endure for long the many dramatic moments in Giordano's music, when the voice is called upon for an effort that is more or less disastrous to those whose training has been hurried? Ten years of constant study are required to enable a singer who started out with the advantage of an iron constitution successfully to withstand a long course of modern Italian opera.

Of the Victorian musicians who wrote in the first instance for the voice only one survives, and he is M. Massenet, whose music is but seldom heard in London. Verdi had the same fine sympathy with the throat of the singer, and in a lesser degree Charles Gounod possessed it. Singers who limit their repertoire to the work of composers who never injure the vocal chords can go on almost indefinitely if they will lead reasonable lives and respect their own constitution. According to our temperament, we grumble or we smile at the very limited repertoire of the greatest British-born prima-donna, Madame

Melba; but it would be hard to say that she is not among the wisest of her generation. She has chosen a few operas that are peculiarly suited to her gifts, and there seems to be no reason why she should not be singing them twenty years hence. Music that tears the voice and must ultimately destroy it, she leaves severely alone. On the other hand, the singers who have hailed everything that is modern, and helped to give new work a brilliant interpretation, are doing so at a great sacrifice. It is reasonable to doubt whether Covent Garden's programme seven years hence will hold one of the names of the foreign artists who delight us all to-day. If it does it will be because a British audience is notoriously indulgent to an established reputation, and is always ready to believe that what has been good in the past will continue to be good in the future—an assumption for which many singers have occasion to be devoutly grateful.

COMMON CHORD.



A SOLACE TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE "MARTYR KING": PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S ORGAN AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

The chamber organ is dated 1602, is probably of Flemish origin, was made for the Earl of Montrose, and is still in excellent condition. It is known as "Princess Elizabeth's organ," from the fact that it was played on at Carisbrooke Castle by the daughter of Charles I.

Photograph by Halfstones, Ltd.

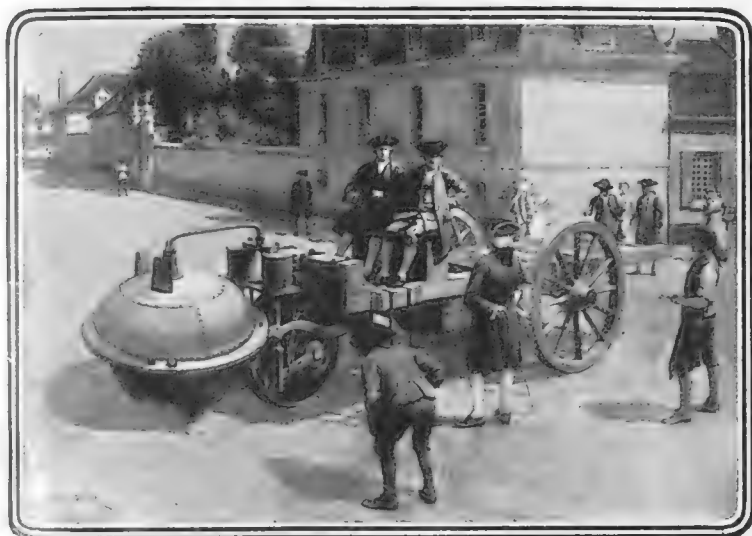


DUST: WHY IT IS THROWN IN THE AIR—A DAIMLER RECORD—A CAR FOR A GOVERNOR.

THE Dust Committee appointed by the Royal Automobile Club, not only to conduct the recent Dust Trials at Brooklands, but to report upon them, and to confer medals, and so on, as poor little Miss Flite in "Bleak House" proposed to confer estates after she got her judgment, have issued a report, which, beyond particularising the cars to which gold and silver medals have been awarded, tells us little beyond the method of test adopted, of which all interested were previously aware. In the matter of awards, Mr. Frederic Coleman's 30-h.p. Steam Car gained the silver cup presented by the Club for the best performance, the second prize,

why the dust raised from the surface of the road by the wheels is whirled high up into the air behind the car.

The Daimler Motor Company would appear to rejoice in a Gliddenising client of their own in the person of Mr. Strelitz, of Perth, Western Australia. I remember seeing Mr. Strelitz's appearance with his 30-h.p. Daimler referred to in one or other of the descriptions of the Scottish Reliability Trials, when he was encountered on some part or other of the Highland route of that great road test. Since then this "homing" Colonial—for



CUGNOT'S STEAM-CAR—1770.

M. N. J. Cugnot's machine consisted of a wooden chassis with three wheels. The boiler was in front, and the single fore-wheel was driven by two cylinders.



WILLIAM CHURCH'S STEAM-CARRIAGE—1832.

This carriage ran between London and Birmingham, and was made to carry twenty-eight people inside and twenty-three outside passengers.



GALSWORTHY GURNEY'S STEAM-CARRIAGE—1833.

The coach had a water-tube boiler, and was intended for traction on the ordinary road. Its first considerable run was from London to Bath and back.



RICKETT'S STEAM-CARRIAGE—1860.

The carriage had a 10-h.p. 2-cylinder engine, weighed 30 cwt., and could attain a speed of 16 miles an hour with a coal consumption of from 8 to 10 lb. a mile.

THE FIRST MOTOR-CAR, AND SOME OF ITS FAMOUS DESCENDANTS.

the Club's silver medal, being taken by the 12-16-h.p. Wilson-Pilcher car. These were the trade prizes. The Club prize for clubs was won by Mr. Dermot Mooney with his 20-h.p. Stanley Steam Car, so that on the occasion in question steam was in the foreground of the picture.

But if these trials have no further value or effect—and I should be far from suggesting that this is likely to be so—they have settled once and for all one vexed question with regard to dust-raising by motor-cars. Just what proportion of the dust-cloud thrown up by a motor-car passing at a good speed over a dusty road is due to the action of the wheels, and just how much to the shape and suck of the body, has long been a subject of ardent discussion amongst motorists who have studied the matter. The method of test adopted by the Club officials showed most conclusively that little or no dust was provoked by the shape or the suck of the body, but that all, or very nearly all, was thrown up by the wheels. But, once thrown up, the rush of the air upwards and backwards, closing in behind the moving car, is the reason

Mr. Strelitz comes back to the Old Country every year, and buys a new Daimler car every time—has extended his tour to the Continent, and has already covered 5000 miles without an involuntary stop. Just lately he found himself in Denmark, where, he writes, the laws governing the use of automobiles are more than absurd.

In a very short space of time no part of this round world—at least, that portion of it that may be accounted solid earth—will be innocent of the whirr of the motor-car and the sinuous groovings of its pneumatic-tyred wheels. Now, viewed by the light of Mercator's projection, the Straits Settlement does not strike one as an ideal motoring country, and yet parts of it, like the curate's egg, must be excellent, or why should Messrs. Osborne and Co., of 6, Great Marlborough Street, have delivered a four-cylinder Gregoire car to the Governor of those parts? However, the said Governor has a very pretty taste in cars, and will soon be doing fast-time and consumption tests up and down the Malay Peninsula. Anyway, he is nice and handy for Borneo spirit.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—FIXTURES—SOME CLASHINGS—THE GREAT EBOR.

WHEN the best three-year-olds are moderate, as they are this year, we generally see larger fields compete for the classic races than in those years when one colt or filly stands out pre-eminent. Thus it comes about that owners of colts with any sort or no sort of chance will probably send them to Doncaster to run in the St. Leger. Orby may be looked upon as a gone coon. Even provided he is got to the post, he can have no chance of beating Woolwinder, provided Colonel Baird's colt keeps well. He had all his work cut out to do so in the Derby when he was at the top of his health. Since Liverpool he has been suffering from diabetes, so that he cannot possibly be in fighting trim on the eleventh of September. In the circumstances then, we may expect to see running in the great Doncaster race several horses who would not be started were everything normal. One such is Desmond's Pride, who belongs to Mr. W. Rankin. That he holds a good opinion of his mare may be gauged from the fact that she has been sent from Ireland to be trained in the stable presided over by Mr. Peebles at Upavon. Report says that, in the ordinary course of events, she will be a very good mare next year; and her breeding bears out this idea, for the stock of Desmond, like that of Carbine, improves with age. Instances crop up in The White Knight and Land League, two sons of Desmond, who are, at four years of age, better than ever they were. Reverting to the St. Leger, Mr. Fairie's Comus is said to be a dangerous opponent for Woolwinder to tackle. Comus did not run as a two-year-old, and was beaten twice this year before he won the Zetland Plate at Newmarket in July. In that race, which he won in a canter, he beat Adora, Perambulator, Spiridion, Maya, Cargill, Simon Square, and Doryanthes. He vanquished the last-named quite as easily as did Woolwinder at Chester, so that the champions of Comus can point to that running as proof that Mr. Fairie's colt is upsides with Colonel Baird's.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have made several noteworthy alterations in the flat-race fixture list for 1908, when the season opens on March 23. One of the first changes that catch the eye is that Ascot ceases to be what the clerks of courses call a clear fixture. The ancient Beverley Meeting is crowded into Ascot week, an arrangement that will adversely affect Beverley, for nothing can interfere with the success of the royal meeting. Another ancient fixture, Harpenden, seems to be going the way of all things. After a long spell of Saturdays, this year it was shifted to a Monday, and next year another move is to be made, for it is fixed for the Thursday in Chester Cup week; thus it comes between the great battle for the prize cheeses and the Jubilee Stakes, which is run on the following Saturday. It was announced last year that the Newbury and Liverpool Summer Meetings would not be allowed to clash after 1907, a fact that was forgotten by the screechers and

sensation-mongers when those meetings were taking place this year. Well, the Stewards have been as good as their word. Next year's Newbury Summer Meeting comes the week after Ascot, and clashes with the Newcastle meeting at which the Northumberland Plate is run. This arrangement, like the Beverley-Ascot one, is likely to injure the Northern meeting, for Newbury, new as it is, is firmly fixed in the affections of racing folk, both regular and casual. Newbury also gets a day, in the last week of the season, sandwiched between Birmingham and Manchester. Sandown again gets the August Bank Holiday, so that each of the Metropolitan South-Western meetings is served alike as far as Bank Holiday flat-race fixtures are concerned.

The Great Ebor Handicap, which is to be run next Wednesday, has suffered the fate of a good many other handicaps this season in the matter of malcontents, no fewer than thirteen of the twenty-

seven that came within the purview of the handicapper having paid the five sovereigns forfeit. The disappearance of Noctuidiform, who was weighted at less than 8 st. for the first time since his arrival in this country, must have been a source of comfort to that large number of backers who have consistently followed the fortunes of this degenerate Waler. In the Goodwood Plate Mr. Buchanan's horse was badly beaten, one of those to finish in front of him being the top weight, Plum Tree. This colt is one of the acceptors for the Great Ebor, and again he has been given 9 st. More unlikely things may happen than a victory for Mr. Fairie's colt, who at Goodwood was short of a gallop

or two, in spite of which he ran a sterling race. It had been confidently expected that he would be entered in the Cesarewitch, but his name is missing. He will probably run next Wednesday; should he do so he will command a very extensive following, and is sure to do well. The Page, who won the race a couple of years ago, has been awarded 7 st. 12 lb. Mr. Sullivan's colt has a way of declining to do his best when his best is required, but, for all that, he must be marked dangerous, if only on the horses-for-courses theory. The last time he was seen on a racecourse he ran badly with an unknown jockey named Hanlon in the saddle. An earlier exploit was not to his credit, for he distinctly refused to gallop when well backed to win the Northumberland Plate. In that race Bibiani finished in front of The Page at level weights. Next Wednesday the northern mare is called upon to concede two pounds. Mr. Sullivan, in addition to The Page, has also Chrysoberyl and Winking Anne in the race, but I imagine that The Page will be called upon to do duty. One that a good many people are on the look-out for is Nightfall, who represents the Westbury-Farquharson interests.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



MILLIONS OF SALMON FOR THE MARKET: A STEAM BRAIL DUMPING A WRITHING MASS OF THE FISH INTO SCOWS.

Salmon-catching in the Columbia river is one of the most profitable industries of the North Pacific States of America. The method of netting the salmon is not sportsmanlike, but is certainly effective. The most ruthless of all the fishing-gear is an apparatus known as the fish-wheel, which picks up passing salmon by the thousand. The fish are eventually canned, for sale all the world over.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Grand Tour, Old and New.

It has been suggested, with some show of truth, that the glories of the Grand Tour are being revived with the ubiquitous motor-car, and that Milor, who once travelled leisurely all over Europe in a barouche with four horses, is reincarnated in the begoggled motorist who now races from Paris to Prague, and from Munich to Madrid. Yet it must be owned that the Grand Tour of the eighteenth century was somewhat different in its scope from that of the twentieth. Every young man of family and of parts was sent, with a bear-leader, to finish his education in this way. He was expected to speak French with elegance and Italian with ease, and it was part of the parental programme that he should philander with fine ladies in the salons of Paris, and that he should acquire enough judgment in the arts to add, when in Rome or Florence, to the family collection in Wilts or Yorkshire. He took two years to make the tour of European capitals, and to see all the sights, whereas the modern motorist sets out to "do" the entire Continent in two or three weeks.

The only point of resemblance between the old and the new traveller seems to be that the new, like the old, demands good food and comfort at the end of his day's journey, and the result is the revival of the country inn. Certainly the motorist does not dally long enough to learn to speak Italian with ease, while the only visit he usually pays in Paris is the indispensable visit to a garage.

An Ingenious Idea.

With the ubiquitous motor spring up a host of new occupations, and among these is the ingenious idea proposed by Miss Annesley Kenealy, namely that of traveller's maid. This would be altogether a different person from the "travelling maid," who, as everyone who has ever journeyed with one knows, is usually the most useless attendant that can be imagined.

"foreigners" of all nationalities, but cannot speak, and will not learn, a word of any language save her own. Now the traveller's maid would remain stationary in various hotels, and one would be able to hire her, for a few shillings, to mend and pack, to iron one's hair into waves or one's crumpled fineries into their proper flatness, and generally to rehabilitate the dishevelled voyager. Without a second motor, maids and valets are impossible, so that there seems a crying necessity for this new profession. It is one which the most independent young person might enter, for there would be no servitude connected with it, and the earnings might easily rise to two or three pounds a week.

A Separator of the Sexes.

On all hands we hear more and more of "sex antagonism," and there are pessimists who declare that every year men and women are wandering farther apart, and will soon do without each other's society altogether. This is a parlous state of affairs, and the causes of it should be investigated without delay. Miss de Wentworth-James, who is one of the pessimists, declares that bridge is the chief factor in separating the sexes, for women of all ages will as lief sit down to play with one another as with the most beautiful Guardsman who ever strolled out of Knightsbridge barracks. And not only is this so, but men, it appears, infinitely prefer to play with each other than with the women-folk, however young, lovely, and modish they may be. Why this particular game of cards should have so strange an effect on the players is a moot point, for other games—and certainly modern sports—tend to draw the sexes together instead of separating them. If it be found that bridge is the deterrent to mixed social intercourse, it will have to be abolished in the interests of the family—and incidentally of the Empire—for how is a mother to marry a daughter who spends all her leisure playing cards with other women?

The Undiluted Truth.

It is suggested that a day of atonement is to be set aside for the romancers and fibbers, and during those hours of the twenty-four on which they are awake they will be compelled to speak the undiluted truth. For you, gentle reader, and for me, this Day of Truth will, of course, have no terrors—except, I fear, that we shall probably hear some unflattering opinions about ourselves and our proceedings from our dearest friends and nearest relatives. For you and I, of course, invariably speak the truth—that is, as far as the exigencies of the higher civilisation permit. It is obvious, nevertheless, that the habit of fibbing is increasing, and we all of us know women (and, for the matter of that, men) who lie with the ease and insouciance of the heroine of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play. It is part, indeed, of the snobbishness and pretence of modern society, for everyone is endeavouring to prove that they are richer, younger, more influential, and more fashionable than they really are. Hence a surprising crop of statements which deceive no one except the individual who utters them, who ends by believing them.



A SMART MOTOR-COAT FOR A FINE DAY—IN THICK LINEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

On a steamer or a yacht the so-called expert in travelling is always seasick sooner and longer than anyone else; on a railway journey, she is laid low with fatigue; she cannot rough it, and if English, not only has a whole-hearted contempt for



[Copyright.]

A HAT FOR THE SEASON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE change from town life, or even from that of the after-claps of the London Season at Goodwood and at Cowes, to that in a Highland shooting lodge is complete. To the woman who lives for dress it is unsatisfactory, but only to her. Her opportunities for display are few. For the most part ladies are down to breakfast—not as a rule a very early meal, unless the men have a special one in order to reach a distant part of the shooting. A tweed skirt and a neat shirt are the clothes for this meal—not much room about this costume for display. Many women are fidgety about ties and details, but they are all necessarily plain and simple. Some hostesses request their lady guests to bring such white clothes as require only rough laundering. When it comes to sending washing twelve miles in panniers on ponies, and to be quite uncertain when it can get back owing to the swelling of the mountain streams, crossing the pony tracks, into torrents, it is reasonable that as small a demand as possible shall be made.

A minority of the lodges only are situated so far from the beaten track as this. For the most part they are near enough to the railway for the washing to be sent to the Perth laundries. The large ones have their own. After breakfast there is the post, when women read and answer their letters, for which they have, as a rule, from an hour and a half to two hours. Then, until lunch-time, there is a choice of occupations: a lounge with a book within sound of the rush of the little river to the sea; a tramp over the scented heather to the music of the hum of bees; fishing in the river, perhaps, or a drive to a Loch for a day with the trout; on many days a drive to lunch with the guns. For those who love the country and its simple life with real love, there is nothing like it. For the woman who likes to dress, and counts her smart and fashionable appearance her greatest joy the Highlands in the shooting season are a sore trial endured only to please her men kind.

Even for a dress-loving woman, the shooting season 'way up North affords some opportunities. There are the Games, now happening every day, and later there will be the balls. Motor-cars make attendance at the Games an easy matter, even from lodges far distant. A smart motor-coat for a fine day is illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of thick linen, in an unbleached tone. It opens at either side, and is held together with black silk buttons embroidered in black-and-white and silver cord. The collar is of black glacé embroidered with white and silver cord. The coat is sleeveless, to show the sleeves of a pretty frock and to avoid crushing them. It is, of course, only practicable for fine weather. It is very becoming to the figure and very stylish. That women must always be more or less of the tailor-built type up in the Highlands is as sore a trial to some as it is a joy to others.

A short, light, well-cut, unlined tartan skirt of Scotch tweed, light, broad-tread tan boots, a thin white flannel shirt, a tartan tie, to match the skirt, and a Tam o' Shanter, is a dress in which a well-built, neat, pretty girl looks as well as she does in anything. Those who love flowing robes, and care for the latest fashions only, find such severe simplicity intolerable. It is not a little ludicrous to witness their sufferings. They get themselves into trailing skirts, high-heeled shoes, smart headgear on the smallest provocation, only to find that they are handicapped out of all that is going on. At tea-time they begin to live again. Their smart tea-gowns look doubly smart and elegant because the strenuous members of their sex just rush in to the meal in their outdoor clothes, even if they do not skip tea altogether, and come in just in time for a bath and change for dinner.

The difficulties of reaching many of the lodges make it incumbent on guests not to go about in the shooting season with too

much luggage. It is seldom less than from eight to ten miles from a railway station to the lodge—more often from fifteen to thirty. The roads are frequently steep, always more or less difficult; therefore, complete and extensive outfits mean a great tax on the transit capacities of a Highland lodge. Evening gowns are therefore limited, and the old hand of the shooting season makes one or two do. On these she rings changes with a skill worthy of admiration. She depends largely for effect on ornaments, and for this purpose the beautiful and graceful designs executed in jewels by the Parisian Diamond Company come to her rescue. An illustration shows a recent production of the Company in the shape of an Empire diamond necklet, which combines with the becomingness of a collar the grace of a hanging ornament. Worn with a pretty white lace dress, and with either white or black velvet drawn through the collar part, it looks remarkably well. The oval drop from the pretty bow, and the round one from the leafy chain, can be in pearls, rubies, emeralds, or sapphires, if desired, for a great point about the Company's work is that all their jewels are lovely.

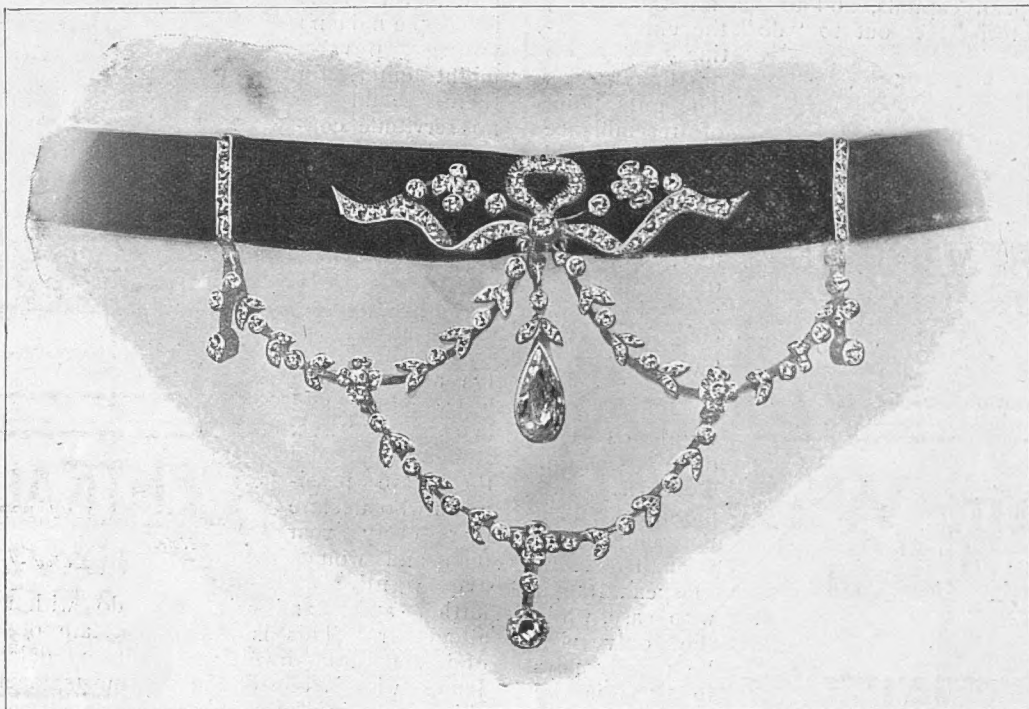
To see the packing-cases going up on carts to shooting-lodges is to realise some of the difficulties of the commissariat department. The uninitiated Southerner may think that, as in England, country produce abounds. Farms are few and far between up in the hills, and milk and butter not in great quantities, while eggs for the consumption of the guests at breakfast are all that can be obtained in many places. There is, of course, the stand-by of the up-to-date housekeeper, Bird's custard-powder, of which she provides

herself with a fine supply, and which figures largely in the contents of the said packing cases, together with preserved fruits. There are quantities of cranberries and blaeberrys on the hills, and wild raspberries are obtainable, while other fruits are brought out from the Highland villages and towns. Men care for no sweet as they do for stewed fruit and custard, besides which Bird's custard-powder makes possible the preparation of many other dainties.

Motor-cars make life in the Highlands easier. The main roads are excellent, and

runs into the towns and to the stations are easily accomplished by them. They also prove a wonderful convenience to the owners of big houses and castles who are at distances from their shootings. Instead of going, as they used to do, to small lodges, they motor from their own residences, as did Lord Leith of Fyvie, who, with his party of guns, made one of the best bags of last week at Clashnadarroch Moor, which is over twenty miles from Fyvie Castle.

In the Highlands accommodation is very limited, so anxious are people to benefit by the grand mountain air and the healthful life that they put up with many inconveniences. All the farms are let to families who bring up their own servants. I would suggest to all who are doing this for their holidays anywhere to provide themselves with Izal. It is the disinfectant officially adopted by the Government, Board of Trade, public institutions, the Government of India, and the leading English railway companies, because it is non-poisonous, cheap, and efficient. I love it, and am never done using it for flushing drains—for every kind of purpose. It is excellent as a medicine in some cases, as an embrocation, as a soap, as a powder, as a cream. It was a great discovery made by Mr. J. H. Morrall and is an undescribed aid quite different from coal tar. It possesses greater antiseptic power than pure crystallised carbolic acid, so that its value as a disinfectant is indisputable. It is insoluble in water, but easily distributed by water; also it has wonderful germ-destroying properties, so you cannot wonder that I never start out for a holiday any more than I ever remain at home without a supply of these invaluable Izal preparations. So many people tell me that they could have no enjoyment out of their houses in the Highlands, away from drains and all modern fittings, without it.



AN EMPIRE DIAMOND NECKLET BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

MONEY.

SIX per cent. before the end of the year. That is the cheerful prediction concerning the Bank Rate which finds favour, and disfavour, in many City quarters. The raising of the Rate last Thursday to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was no bad thing. It was taken by the Stock Exchange as an indication that the Bank does not intend our Money Market to be utilised for the convenience of Wall Street gamblers. Another advance is quite on the cards next Thursday, and, of course, will have to be made soon in any event. Therefore, the earlier it comes the better in one way, although the City does not want a 5 per cent. Bank Rate just yet, America or no America. The outlook for gilt-edged securities continues hazy as regards early prospect of improvement.

THE RAILWAY CHAIRMEN.

Very interesting have been the speeches made by the various Chairmen at the recent half-yearly meetings of proprietors in the Home Railway companies. One after another the spokesmen have declared that the directors, and not the men, are going to run the concerns, and one after another, it is amusing to read, have told that the men upon their own particular railways are thoroughly contented. This bold front may have the effect of averting a trouble which threatened; we trust that it is best to use the verb in its past tense. The decline in prices has also met with consideration from several of the Chairmen, and the speakers almost neglect the alleged fears of Socialism, laying the blame rather upon the competition of the enormous sums raised—as the Chairman put it at the North-Western meeting—“by the Government, county councils, and corporations, and also to the large amount of foreign loans which had been placed on the market at prices yielding a larger return than those of the British Railway stocks.” In one or two cases there were hopes held out of the worst having been reached in the way of quotations; but on the whole the Railway chairmen were more cautious than Mr. Asquith, and gently skated across questions put to them on the subject.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

“Funny markets!” said The City Editor.

“Got any other original observation to offer?” asked The Jobber, with unconscious alliteration.

“All my friends say they’ve never seen such a time on the Stock Exchange,” interposed The Engineer.

“All my customers seem to be in despair about their investments,” added The Banker.

“What are people saying about the Stock Exchange?” inquired The Merchant. “What is the general public saying?”

“Allow me!” said The Jobber. “They’re saying they wish they’d never seen the cursed place. I’ve heard ’em myself.”

The Banker appeared rather troubled, and looked across to The Broker, unspoken appeal in his kindly eyes.

But The Broker was feeling a trifle liverish, which invariably caused him to tell the truth, if the truth was unpleasant.

“I’m afraid that is what a good many people are saying,” he confirmed.

“Only speculators, though,” The Banker hinted.

“It strikes me everyone is hit,” remarked The Merchant ruefully.

“Whether you’re an investor or a speculator, you get it pretty smartly over the knuckles.”

“Not if you’re a bear,” The Broker objected.

“Well, suppose you are. You make a few fugitive six pounds five on one hand, and on the other all the investments you hold are shrinking appallingly in price. Appallingly, I say.”

“All right, old man, all right. Don’t kick the stuffing out of the carriage door.”

“Goschen was a fool!” cried The Jobber suddenly.

The Banker really turned pale.

“He ought never to have tinkered with Consols and reduced the interest.”

“Hear, hear,” observed The Engineer.

“People don’t like a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock,” The Solicitor put in.

“They won’t have it, either.”

“Three per cent. was a nice round figure —”

“Like your own, Brokie. What size —”

“And at 3 per cent. the interest ought to have been left!” The Broker thundered, bringing down an emphatic fist on The Jobber’s knee. The blow caught the exact spot, and as the limb mechanically flew up and retaliated, its owner roared with delight.

After which little episode there was temporary confusion.

“Those Broken Hill tips of yours are pretty rotten,” growled The Engineer.

“Aren’t they, by Jove!” replied the tipster, with candour refreshing in a broker. “Liquidation is the cause of the fall. Nothing else, I feel morally convinced.”

“Stock Exchange morals—” began The City Editor, when The Jobber squashed him with a reference to Zincs.

“It’s partly the Zinc smash that has brought about this slump in Broken Hill things,” said The Broker sorrowfully. “Still,” he brightened up, “they will come round in time, and are awfully cheap now.”

“The only safe thing to do is to leave your money on deposit,” declared The Banker.

“And while you take $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for your money, you’ve the cosy feeling that your bank is financing Yankee ‘Kites’ at double the rate, and encouraging the return of another crisis.”

“Oh, come, come!” protested The Banker. “That is really — Oh, yes, you know. Besides, we are compelled to keep — Oh, you can’t mean what you say, I feel sure.”

And the old gentleman did seem so upset that The Jobber hastened to explain that he was drawing more upon his imagination than upon his account at the bank.

“There was a lot of it last March,” observed The Merchant.

“I grant that the banks were, perhaps, less cautious, let us say, than they might have been, last spring,” admitted The Banker. “But we are in August now, not March, and things are different.”

“The Yankee Market is the curse of the Stock Exchange,” The Broker laid down.

Up jumped The Jobber. “I should jolly well like to know —”

“Sit jolly well down first, then,” The Broker retorted blandly. “It upsets every other market in the place.”

“And incidentally provides brokers with more commission than any other market in the House.”

“If it weren’t for Americans, things would be more settled all round, and business would therefore be better, and we should earn our commission without the risk of sleepless nights over shaky accounts of — er — clients and jobbers.”

“You say the present rotten state of affairs is due to Yankees, do you?” asked The Jobber.

“I do,” was the stout reply.

“Well, then, you’re a renegade, and a disgrace to your fine old trusted party.”

“What on earth —”

“My dear old man, do be consistent. There’s one cause, and one only, for the bad markets, the bad state of business, the bad weather, the bad beer, the bad —”

“Oh, get out!” exclaimed The Engineer, who was a Tariff Reformer, as he kicked The Jobber on to the platform.

Saturday, Aug. 17, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WHIST.—(1 and 2) We think Liptons are a good industrial holding. So are Bovril Ordinary. (3) Daimler Ordinary.

H. M. W.—Your letter was answered by post on Aug. 17.

H. B. C.—The Debentures are much better left alone.

C. M.—(1) A quite new concern, doing a rather speculative business. We believe it is honest enough. (2) The $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. First Series Bonds are the best secured and a good investment of their class. We anticipate no further considerable fall. Many thanks for your postscript.

C. AND S.—There is no market for the shares.

QUEENSLAND.—In the opinion of our correspondent “Q” the shares are still a good lock-up speculation. The fall has been due to the general depression in everything; while the price of copper is also, of course, not what it was. Should wait a bit before averaging.

J. E. P.—(1) An over-watered affair. Should not touch it. See answer to “Queensland.”

KID.—The first five are all excellent. The last is apparently a local company, unknown to London.

FIJI.—For literally “absolute security” you must keep to the strictly gilt-edged stocks, of which the cheapest are India and County Council $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. At their present price Consols are good for an advance hereafter in capital value. Canadian Pacific 4 per cent. Debenture stock is a splendid security. Cuba 5 per cent. and Japan $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. First Series pay 5 per cent. on the money, are sound bonds, and will help the yield. Egyptian Unified yields 4 per cent. Spread the money over these, and you will get $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the investment, say £187 10s. per annum.

MILITIA.—1 is good, 2 moderate, and 3 a gamble.

C. A. F.—We think it would be a pity to sell the Tobacco shares. Better get rid of the Furness Withy. Calico Printers are a good speculative purchase, and Fine Spinners are also worth buying. The others are doubtful blessings.

WALLPAPER.—You could do better, Bovril Deferred, for instance, if you want a Deferred holding. We don’t think much of any of the Kaffirs mentioned.

W. J.—We think you should hold them.

PREMIUM.—Your letter has been answered.

Waring and Gillow, Limited, announce a net profit of £153,470 9s. 1d. for the year ended Dec. 31, 1906. The report and accounts were adopted at the meeting held last Friday, at which the proposed dividends of 6 per cent. on the Preference and 7 per cent. on the Cumulative Ordinary shares were duly confirmed.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Stockton, I fancy, the following: Stewards’ Handicap, Dalharco; County Handicap, Kearsage; Hardwicke Stakes, Side View; Zetland Plate, Veno; Middlesborough Welter, Hexagon; Durham Produce Plate, St. Ollalia; Wilton Welter, Fraxinus. At Folkestone some of the following may win: Kent Handicap, St. Savin; Romney Handicap, Petual; Folkestone Handicap, Solano; Cinque Ports Handicap, Minerbio; Deal Plate, Lady Blare. For Hurst Park I fancy the following: Vyner Handicap, Morny; Park Plate, My Stella; Sprint Handicap, Cecil Frail; August Two-Year-Old Plate, Cheshire Cat; Summer Handicap, Sea Gal; Walton Handicap, Dafila; Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, Isis; Lennox Plate, Balinglass.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Marriage Lease." By Frank Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson.)—
 "The Botor Chaperon." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
 (Methuen.)—"The Folk Afield." By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)

VERBIAGE is the chief characteristic of most leases, and "The Marriage Lease" does not prove the rule. We have had long to wait for the novel based on the Meredithian suggestion that weddings should terminate mechanically in separation after the lapse of a few years. Desire has not grown with delay, and, unfortunately, Mr. Moore's work is not strong enough to re-kindle desire. It reminds one, indeed, in its tortuous endeavours to prove that the unattainable, becoming attainable, loses its attraction, of the methods of the late lamented Euclid when he desired to demonstrate that if each of two particular lines was equal to one particular line, the two particular lines were equal to one another. The terminable marriage is a failure—that Mr. Moore set himself somewhat laboriously to demonstrate, and he finds himself able to end his problem with "Q.E.D." The social experiment is tried by the people of Azalea, a State run on scientific lines, that finds its birth-rate falling in alarming manner. The result is a still further decrease in the arrivals, and broadcast consternation. It is the theory of those who propose the new law that under it husband and wife will live more peaceably together, each conscious that, if they do not agree, the end of three years will find them parted, left to seek a new partner or a new provider of "house-keeping money." Instead, it is found that the plan raises endless and bitter strife throughout the city, for there are those who object to the husbands of other women paying honourable attentions to their wives, in view of the termination of the lease.

"I am laughing because I see the comedy of the whole thing. Mr. Spode, the enterprising politician, who has a reputation for adventure in unauthorised regions to support, persuades a majority to support his measure, showing them how beneficial must be the operation of a marriage which dissolves automatically every three years—how faithful the husbands must be, simply because they have so fine a sense of honour, and how good the wives must be—unless they have someone else in their eye to take the place of their existing spouses; the Act is to do wonders in the way of transforming husbands into the lovers they once were; and we had visions of those impassioned persons playing guitars under the casements of their wives' boudoirs. An attractive picture, no doubt, but before the Act is a year old, lo! the husbands are tuning up their guitars under the casements of their neighbours' wives, while the husbands of those same wives are hastily putting on their boots to make their assaults upon the troubadours more effective! Oh! I see the comedy of the whole thing."

Azalea becomes a mob, and is only appeased when Basil Ridge-mount addresses it—

"All that I have to say is that I am one of you, if you say that you are tired of having no Church to go to on Sundays, of having your children taken from you to be educated on the lap of Science instead of at their mother's knee, and if you are tired of having your wives leased to you, I am one of you. I promise you that we shall go back to the old way of marriage, the old way of education, the old—old Church."

"The Botor Chaperon" is just the book that should be read during a lazy holiday, when all that the mind desires to keep it going is planning for the idle days still to come, in the near or far future. It is, in fact, the romance of a tour, and that tour is undoubtedly one that many another will take now that it has been so delightfully introduced and described. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson did well to include in their novel a map of the ground—and the canals—covered by their heroes and heroines. All who read of their adventures will desire to emulate them, even if they are not fortunate enough to possess a motor-boat and to find travelling companions who are prepared to do things *en prince*. Those who figure in "The Botor Chaperon" are charming persons, from the mysteriously magnetic chaperon herself to her dog Tibe, and the interest in their complicated love-affairs is considerable. It is only outweighed by the fascination of the descriptions of Dutch life and Dutch scenery. Than these nothing could be more pleasing.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has sought pastures new with much success: "The Folk Afield" provide him with excellent material, and it is almost unnecessary to say that he knows how to take the fullest advantage of it. The book is a collection of short stories, but is none the less very welcome. The episodes are not, of course, of equal dramatic value, but not one of them is dull. Notably good are "Hyacinthe and Honorine," a curious conceit of an artist's grotesque love-affair; "The Skipper's Bible"; "Jane and John," the story of a negro's wooing; "Pilgrimage to Pigna," grim in humour, and "The Old Shrine." The last is one of the eeriest of the stories. Pietro Andrea and Giovanni Andrea, the twins, love Teresa, and Teresa loves Giovanni. Knowing this, Pietro kills his brother, and tells Teresa that she will find him at the Old Shrine. She goes there by night—

At last Teresa stood before the shrine, and fell on her knees there and lifted her face to the niche.

Then the chill of death fell upon her; her eyes rolled up, and agony too great to bear stormed her heart and brain.

The niche was empty. The deep tabernacle of the shrine was occupied. Behind the grating, staring straight at the moon that silvered its mortality, was a human face; and Teresa saw Giovanni Andrea, and knew that he was dead. She screamed horribly, fell forward, and fainted.



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